

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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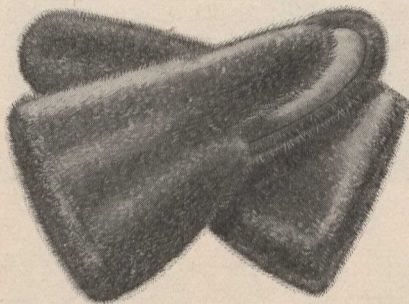
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E2-411C. **Wallaby Mitts**, made from choice selected skins, full even furred, good color, leather palms, soft and pliable, fur-lined to wrist, satin lined cuffs, as cut. . . . **3.50**

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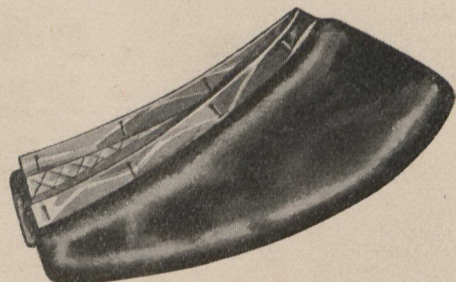
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E2-409C. **Black Coney Collar**, adjustable to any cloth coat, satin lined, perfect fitting and is made from whole skins, the fur is similar to the near seal, and makes a fine collar, as cut **2.75**



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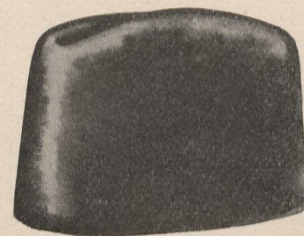
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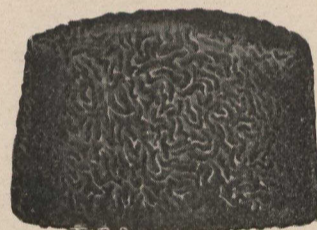
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THE
Canadian Courier

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

CHRISTMAS is upon us and we repeat our message of goodwill sent out last week. The season more or less influences the contents of this week's issue. The cover embodies the spirit of a holiday season. The title is the choice of the artist herself. Miss Kerr has done several covers for us, but none more glowing in colour and spirit than this.

OUR campaign with regard to prison and criminal court reform is gathering way. Those who have read the introductory articles by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Downey will be well prepared for the one this week by Mr. Downey. There will be other articles on various phases of the work, which is how to eliminate criminality.

PUBLIC interest in the Voting Competition is growing steadily. We are rather sorry it will close on January 1st but this was our announcement and it cannot be changed. Readers have therefore only a few days left in which to record their opinions.



The Wise Man's
Four Wishes

"Bread—when I'm hungry,
'SPEY ROYAL'—when I'm dry,
Money—when I'm 'broke,'
Heaven—when I die."

Gilbey's
"Spey Royal"

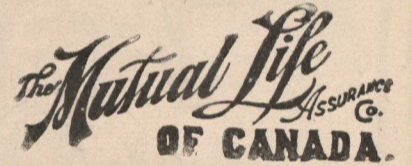
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Year	Income	Assets	Surplus	Business in Force
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1907	2,243,570	11,656,410	1,503,719	51,091,848

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EVERYWHERE

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The unexpected post parcel arriving on Christmas morning is even more pleasant than the hand-to-hand gift.

We carefully wrap any article you decide upon, enclose your card and mail postpaid to any address in Canada or United States on receipt of price quoted on the following carefully chosen list.

Your gift may range from 50c. to \$6.00, genuine "Clubb value" in each selection.

—Many a pipe smoker has been longing for a real Calabash Pipe, No. 21.

—many a cigar smoker has desired a properly constructed Humidor, No. 25.

—desk and table conveniences are always appreciated, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 19, 23.

—and as for cigars and tobacco, you must give the best or none at all.

1. Box of 25 El Zenda, "Bouquet Perfecto Size," highest grade Cuban made clear Havana Cigars, \$3.00.
2. Box of 50 C. E. Beck, "Magnolia Size," Imported Havana Cigars, very fine goods, \$6.00.
3. Box of 25 Bridal Bouquet "Conchas Size," fine Cuban made Cigars, \$2.00.
4. Box of 25 Clubb's Panatela Cigars, \$1.00.
5. Box of 50 "Osborne" Imported Turkish Cigarettes, \$1.50.
6. Brush Brass Ash Receiver and Dump, something very useful, \$2.50.
7. Finest Real Morocco Cigar Case, \$3.00.
8. Brush Brass Ash Tray and Cigar Rest, 75c.
9. Real Buck Covered Rubber Pouch, No. 4 size \$1.00, No. 5 size \$1.25.
10. Sterling Mounted Stone Match Holder and Paper Weight, \$1.00.
11. Pipe Rack to hold eight pipes, 75c.
12. Real Cherry Pipe, as sweet, cool smoker, 50c.
13. French Briar Bulldog Shape, as cut, also bent shape, 50c.
14. Sterling Mounted French Briar, straight and bent shape, 75c.
15. Clubb's Select Finest Sterling Mounted Guaranteed French Briar, bulldog shape \$1.00.
16. Clubb's Select, same grade as No. 15, bent shape, \$1.00.
17. Fine English Gun Metal Cigar Case, \$3.50.
18. Finest English Gun Metal Cigarette Case, \$2.00.
19. Brush Brass Ash Tray and Match Holder, \$1.50.
20. Two Bent and Straight French Briars 1 with amber mouthpiece, 1 cut vulcanite mouthpiece, sterling mounted, beautiful goods, fully guaranteed, \$5.00 per set.
21. Sterling Mounted B.B.B. Grade Calabash Pipe, lined real meerschaum, \$3.00.
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25. Genuine Mahogan Humidor, aluminum lined, with lock and key, to hold box of 50 cigars, \$5.50.

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CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN

NO FEES—NO PRIZES

Send in your ballot at once and help influence the late voters. Any resident of the Dominion, male or female, over 21 years of age may vote. Don't vote for more than ten, otherwise your ballot will be disallowed. See page 12, issue of October 31st.

Address: Voting Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto

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No. 3

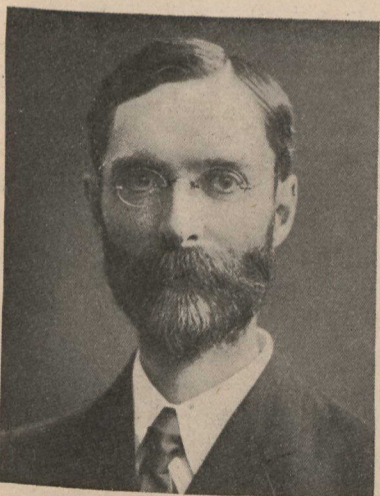
IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. W. Sanford Evans,
Mayor-Elect of Winnipeg.

THAT a young Canadian may often do something worth while which in his college days he never dreamed of doing, has been well demonstrated by the recent election of Mr. W. Sanford Evans as Mayor of Winnipeg. Twenty years ago when Sanford Evans, then a student at Victoria University, wrote for the college paper a sentimental musing called "The Bovine Philosophy," he had not even the ghost of a dream that in 1908 he would be elected Mayor of the most purely commercial city in Canada. In those days he knew nothing of Winnipeg, except that it was the biggest town on the C. P. R. He had never seen the place and had not the faintest notion of what it might feel like to live there. Had he been asked to write

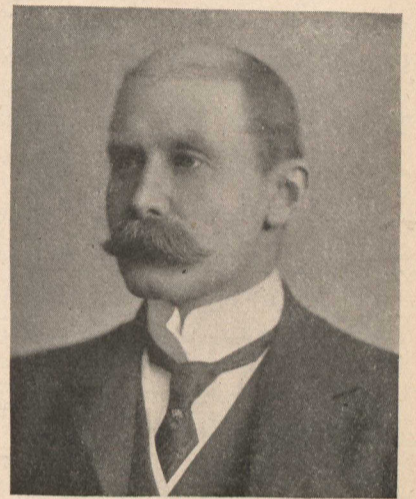
an economic essay on some phase of Canadian development, he might have worked in Winnipeg as an example of a town that raised more frost to the acre than any other town in Canada. But the epic of wheat had not begun in those callow college days. At college we were all slated to become lawyers, doctors, ministers and professors. Sanford Evans had as much leaning towards academic life as any young man that ever graduated from a Canadian college. He could write essays as well as any. He was able to speak gracefully on a platform. He was a wide and discursive reader. But when his father-in-law, Mr. Edward Gurney, was elected Mayor of Toronto in 1887, the young man Evans was in a world of intellectual ideas that never would have made any man mayor of a city unless it had been Athens in the days of Pericles. But twenty-one years later, on the eighth of December, Mr. Evans, ex-newspaper-editor and broker, won the mayoralty of Winnipeg by a majority of nearly 1,500. He has now fought his way into an office that will probably land him in the Dominion Parliament as Conservative member for Winnipeg or some other constituency in Manitoba. By the Manitoba *Free Press* he was slated not long ago as the natural successor to Hon. Frank Oliver as Minister of the Interior, in the event of a Conservative victory. His opposition poohpoohed this. He was industriously "knocked." But he is Mayor-elect of Winnipeg—and he knows by this time that Canada has a good many surprises in store for a young man of broad intellect who is willing to stand for principle—even in elections.



Mr. C. E. Saunders,
Cerealist Dominion Experimental
Farm, Ottawa.

THE political economist whose specialty was making two blades of grass grow in place of one has been distanced by the scientific farmer who contrives to raise a wheat that becomes No. 1 Hard in the frost belt without undue danger from frost. Dr. Charles E. Saunders, of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, has been working for years on this problem. He is the Luther Burbank of the wheat. Understanding that it takes the edge of frost temperature to plump the world's best wheat, he undertook to evolve a wheat that would mature in the pernicky region of frost and escape the nip. Every year the north-western wheat-growers are in a state of panic over the impending

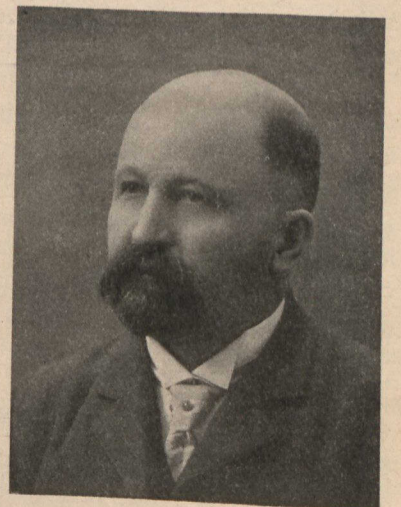
descent of frost—a god to whom in the older days farmers would have offered gifts and supplications and devotional dances. But twentieth century religion and science do not recognise the efficacy of incantations. Dr. Saunders took the bull by the horns and began cross-breeding wheats which would produce a grade ripening before the frost and at the same time as hard in fibre as the best No. 1 Hard. He thinks that at last he has succeeded. If so, the farmers of the West will rise up and call him blessed. He will be rewarded with the gratitude of posterity, by thousands who, when they read fantastic stories in the newspapers about wheat capable of two hundred bushels an acre, wagged their heads and said somebody was romancing about wheat.



Sir Montagu Allan,
President Montreal Jockey Club.

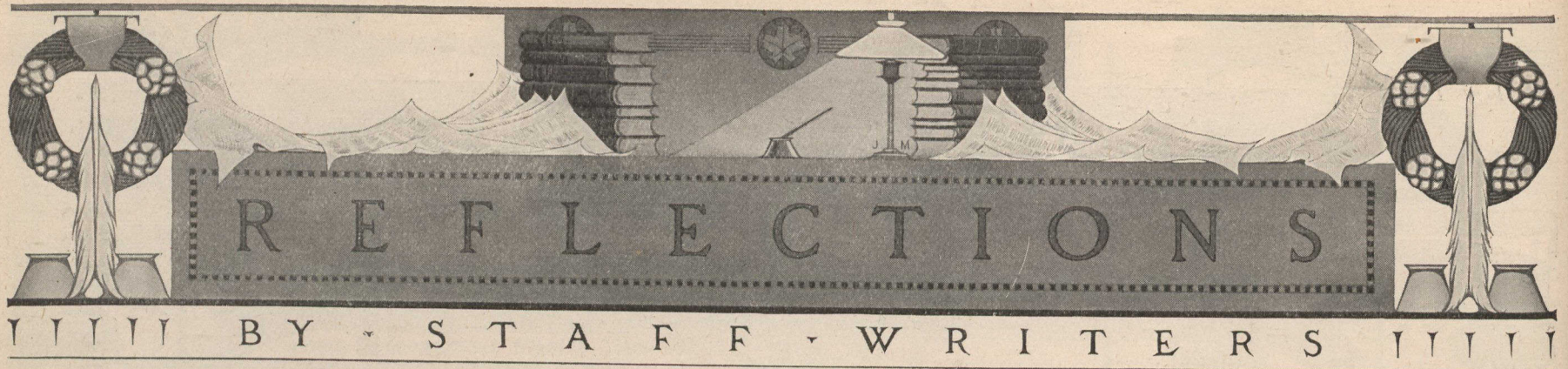
W. R. MOTHERWELL, Commissioner of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government, who was defeated in the recent Saskatchewan elections, has just been elected as member for Humboldt. Mr. Motherwell is an ex-student of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and was a pioneer in the West, where he made considerable money growing Brome grass seed for the United States trade, before seeding had become general among Canadian farmers. He is a strong temperance man and consequently is hardly persona grata with the liquor element in either party, which element has paid him the sincere, if unintended, compliment by stating that he is not a politician. A rather amusing incident in connection with this may be apropos just now: Mr. Motherwell had for two years been president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers, and the members of the opposite (Conservative) stripe, who were striving for place, were beginning to get uneasy lest he should for the third time hold the reins. In order to move him out gently and quietly, so as not to excite suspicion, it was decided to make him a presentation of a gold watch and chain. He got the jewellery and also a third term; all of which tends to show that the Minister is not entirely unacquainted with the political game.

THE Montreal Jockey Club is a flourishing organisation. In 1908, it distributed \$82,000 in prizes, and made great improvement to its new grounds and buildings. Next year it will have twenty-six racing days. At the annual meeting the other day, Sir H. Montagu Allan was re-elected president. The board of directors now comprises: Sir H. Montagu Allan, James Carruthers, Colin Campbell, Bartlett McLennan, Hugh A. Allan, Hugh Paton, Dr. Charles McEachran, Hon. J. E. Robidoux, Welton C. Percy (New York), George R. Hooper, Wm. P. Riggs (Baltimore), Hartland B. MacDougall, Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, A. E. Ogilvie, and C. J. Fitzpatrick (New York).



Hon. W. R. Motherwell,
Commissioner of Agriculture, Saskatchewan

HON. HUGH ARMSTRONG, who succeeded to the provincial treasurership of Manitoba after the death of Mr. Agnew, has been re-elected to the Legislature and is now fully launched on a ministerial career. He is one of the foremost citizens of the Portage La Prairie district and is manager of a large fish company. He once ran for the Commons but was defeated by one vote. He is fifty years of age and an American.



THE DULL, DARK DAYS

NOW that the general election is a matter of history, it is easier to tell the truth. Mr. Fielding is face to face with a great deficit. Canada's national business is in bad condition. For the eight months ending November 30th, our ordinary expenditure went up nearly four million dollars and our revenue went down eleven and a half. In other words, we are fifteen and a half millions worse off than in the same period of 1907. This calculation does not include the capital expenditure, which also increased quite decently. Mr. Fielding should have the national sympathy.

UNIFORM MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTS

D. R. S. MORLEY WICKETT, who has done such good work on behalf of technical education, has also set on foot a movement looking toward uniform municipal accounting. In other words, he would have a model set of book-keeping devised and have every municipality adopt it. The chief benefit would be the possibility of comparison under such a system. Every city would be able to understand the statistics of all other cities, and every town of all other towns. At present, municipal statistics, for comparative purposes, are almost useless, because the provincial governments have never set forth the basis for a uniform system of accounting. The subject will now be pressed upon the various provincial legislatures by a committee of "The Union of Canadian Municipalities."

The municipalities which operate their own public utilities should know whether or not these are successful. At present the book-keeping methods are so crude, that it is impossible to be certain on this point. For example, how many municipalities charge up the loss of taxes against their undertakings of this character? Probably, not one; and yet this must be done to enable a fair comparison to be made between public and private operation.

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH

WISDOM and foolishness play tag through our daily judgments. Hasty decisions, though wrong, may sometimes be excused, but the decision of the Christian laity to devote the major portion of their time and savings to foreign missions has not been done hastily, therefore if wrong there is little excuse for it. Theoretically, they are right, but practically what is the situation? A reader of the *Toronto News* draws attention to the fact that the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church, in its last report, states that sixty-three of its ministers received less than the minimum salary of \$750. What can the public think of men who starve their own clergymen to send increased contributions to China and Japan?

The Canadian West requires a thousand new churches and a thousand new clergymen. The Roman Catholic Church believes strongly in foreign missions but at the moment it is putting forth a special effort to supply the home needs of the newer districts. The Protestants are putting forth a special effort on behalf of the foreigner in Asia and Africa. Which church is pursuing the best policy? Which church will secure the greatest reward? Protestantism for the moment seems to have lost its head.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

MR. KIPLING has given up engines and automobiles, for the time being, and has returned to the animal world for a bee story with a sting in it. The sting is for the socialists, who are very much in political evidence in modern England and who are represented in

the latest Kiplingesque fiction, "The Mother Hive," as Wax-Moths, which bring about the final destruction and burning of the home which the workers aforesaid had made. The application is obvious, from the first paragraph where we are told: "If the stock had not been old and over-crowded, the Wax-Moth would never have entered; but where bees are too thick on the comb there must be sickness or parasites."

Mr. Kipling is not in the habit of beating timidly about the bush nor of searching for euphemisms in order to avoid offence. His present production is plainly an attack and all the more effective for the bee-tragedy form which it takes. The readers of the *Windsor Magazine*, in which "The Mother Hive" appears, will probably be gladdened ere long by a counter fable from Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Bernard Shaw in which the "hive" will swarm with socialistic activity. The catch-words and sentimentalisms of such as would live on the toil of others are most amusingly echoed by the Wax-Moth and the feeble Oddities. Several comments on the story have represented this as Mr. Kipling's first serious attack on modern British developments of compensation and pension. In a much earlier work, a poem which gives the tale of the council, "the German Kaiser decreed," the poet of the "Recessional" scoffed at the fancies of the Fabians. The writer is evidently not in love with the modern phase of the labour question and those who read his letters of last year on his sojourn in British Columbia are in no doubt as to his sentiments on conditions in Pacific towns. Judging from the report of the recent London meeting for a state-owned cable, "socialism" is either a bogey or a talisman.

A PLAY WHICH IS NOT THE THING

THE announcement that the much-discussed play, "The Devil," will be the "attraction" at a Toronto theatre during Christmas week was not taken seriously, at first, as the production appeared to be of an extraordinary character for such a season. However, the advertisement of "The Devil's" allurements assures Torontonians that the Molnar drama is at their doors. In the *Toronto News* of December 12th, it was stated that the Anglican Guild of Ottawa in session assembled had commended Earl Grey for refusing to attend the performance of this play.

The talk about "The Devil" has reached the curious public, and Inspector Archibald, who looks after the principles of plays at the Toronto theatres, informed the *News* that he would have his men visit the play on the Monday of its arrival and report to him on its character. Thus an interesting situation has developed, in connection with the Molnar play, and the representatives of the law will doubtless realise the responsibilities of their task when the asbestos curtain rises, to disclose the swans and roses, which, in their turn, will ascend to give place to the subtleties of Satanic genius. The play has not been regarded with favour by those of fine discernment. The critic of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, a journal which certainly cannot be accused of narrow-minded prudery, considered it an unedifying production, especially for the youth of the community. Without wishing to pronounce on the merits of an unseen play, one may be permitted to doubt the desirability of a drama which leaves humanity a prey to debasing suggestion.

Inspector Archibald will have some difficulty in selecting his men, for it is one matter to arrest a "drunk and disorderly," and quite another to test the moral quality of a production, in which an adroit Personal Devil plays the leading part. The matter of theatrical censor has been discussed more than once this season, in Toronto, which in the past proudly wore the halo of "the Good"; but there are aesthetic and intellectual difficulties to be overcome. The size of the audience to behold "The Devil," on the first night of its Toronto

production is already matter for local speculation. In the meanwhile, the ordinary theatre-goer is left to reflect that the child-like fun of "The Gingerbread Man" would be preferable at this season to the cynicisms of Satan.

THE CANADIAN ROUTE WINS

CANADIANS will rejoice that the Canadian Pacific Railway has won its second trade race from Yokohama to Liverpool. There are two ways by which goods may pass between these two ports. In the one case, goods may be sent by Japanese steamships and the United States railways; in the other case, the goods may be sent by Canadian Pacific steamships and the Canadian Pacific Railway. A few days ago a valuable consignment of silk was sent from Yokohama to New York by the Japanese steamers and two days later an equally valuable cargo of silk was shipped on one of the Canadian Pacific

Railway Expresses, also booked for New York. Although two days later in starting, the consignment sent by the Canadian Pacific reached New York twelve hours ahead of the other.

Mr. Hays promises to cut even this record when the Grand Trunk Pacific is finished. Let us hope that he will.

WILL THE CARNIVAL RETURN?

MONTREAL would revive the ice-carnival period. A citizens' committee has been formed and ten thousand dollars subscribed. The merchants seem to have been liberal in their support. On the other hand, the Council of the Board of Trade is unanimously against it, believing that such carnivals "are inimical to the interests of Canada." Most people will sympathise with the Board of Trade, though no one will deny Montreal's right to have any kind of celebration she may desire.

THE JUDGING OF GREATNESS

Sidelights on the "Courier's" Voting Competition.

SPLENDID results are flowing from the *Courier's* attempt to discover whom the public regard as "Canada's Ten Big Men." The opinions expressed have supplied us with much material, because, as usual, the public varies widely in its tests of greatness and its idea of who should be so honoured. The greatest differences of opinion have occurred as to who is entitled to the name Canadian, in the narrower sense. Many people have debarred Dr. Osler, Sir Gilbert Parker, Lord Mount Stephen and other prominent persons from consideration, simply because these men have not lived the major portion of their lives in Canada. Otherwise some of these gentlemen had been higher up in the list.

One of the most surprising features is the lack of enthusiasm in the smaller provinces for the men who have spent their lives in the narrower field. This may be a tribute to their breadth of view, but it also shows that the provinces will not place a crown on a man until he has entered what may be termed the national sphere. A local philanthropist, a provincial judge or administrator, or a man whose commercial work has been necessarily local, gets a little opportunity to be considered great. To be a national figure, a man must have a reputation and a following in more than one province.

There are other deductions, but these will be dealt with in subsequent articles. In the meantime two of the more striking ballots are reproduced herewith:

BALLOT No. 699.

1 and 2. REV. I. O. STRINGER (Bishop of Selkirk) and DR. GRENFELL.—In the bleak solitudes of the Mackenzie District and the Labrador, they found to their surprise that "the path of duty" forked into "the road to glory."

3 and 4. H. BOURASSA—FRED. HAULTAIN.—In the land cursed by subserviency to party, I hold them great who do what they think right at the risks of suffering the frowns of the master.

5 and 6. Wm. MACKENZIE—D. D. MANN.—I disapprove many of their methods, but admire them, because they "think in continents," and back up their thoughts with acts.

7. SIR JAMES WHITNEY.—His faith in the people survived several defeats. He overcame Ontario's fondness for political "jolliers" and proved that a party may do right by the people and still survive a general election.

8. PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.—He would rather be what we deem wrong than be what we deem popular.

9. H. C. HAMMOND.—Sagacious in the making of money, wise and generous in the spending of money, fearless and great in the article of death.

10. J. S. WILLISON.—Great, as Canada's greatest editor.

BALLOT No. 930.

1. SIR WILFRID LAURIER has been in the bright glow of public criticism for over 34 years. His star still shines resplendent, not only in Canada, but throughout the Empire. He easily takes first place among the "Ten Big Men of Canada."

2. LORD STRATHCONA, our High Commissioner, gained great fame when, at a critical period he equipped and sent to South Africa, at his own expense, a troop of Canadian Cavalry. His munificent gifts to hospitals and charities in Canada and the British Isles, have earned for him the gratitude of the denizens of both countries. Though in his 88th year, the cable press despatches frequently record his presence at London banquets,

where he never fails to remind his audience of Canada's attractions. His presence on these occasions is an object lesson of the great benefit of simple and abstemious habits of living. Few will question his classification as one of the ten Canadians cast in a big mould.

3. R. L. BORDEN fills the definition of a "clean politician." Honourable and true by nature, a clear and forcible speaker, he was a wise choice as a party leader. As years go on, his influence must increase, and occupying the position he does, as the head of a great political party, he should rank among the ten big men.

4. BYRON EDMUND WALKER, President of the Bank of Commerce, is recognised in both Canada and the United States as a leading authority on the best system for the successful management of banking institutions. As a member of the Bankers' Association he wields a large influence in all questions affecting our currency, and should therefore be included in the special class of ten.

5. SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, twenty-six years ago adopted Canada as his home. He came well equipped to assume the management of an enterprise that, though begun ten years before, had made comparatively slow progress. In less than five years from the date of his appointment, trains were running through to the Pacific Coast; only a man highly vitalised, possessing courage and confidence in the ultimate success of the venture, could have overcome the difficulties, financial and material, that threatened from time to time to wreck the enterprise. Canada is not big enough to engage all Sir William's spare time, and so he passes part of the year building railways and founding towns in Cuba, filling up his idle moments in making pencil sketches and caricatures for the amusement of his friends. Can he not be classed, corporally and mentally, as one of Canada's very big men?

6. EDWARD BLAKE.—Though ill-health has forced his withdrawal from the public eye, his past services to Canada will long be remembered. Elected at Confederation to represent two constituencies, one at Ottawa, the other at Toronto, he soon after easily took the first place as statesman, orator and constitutional lawyer, solving with his keen intellect the many constitutional questions that arose in the early days of our Confederacy. The political government which he formed for Ontario in 1871 had the unique experience of an uninterrupted reign of over thirty years.

Following a brilliant record of 22 years in the House of Commons, Mr. Blake was invited to take a seat in the Imperial Parliament, continuing to hold the seat for 14 years, and while his eloquence and arguments in the cause that he espoused were universally admired, he failed to overcome the prejudices born centuries before, and the vested interests that battled for a continuance of their assumed rights. His efforts in the cause he advocated, have not been lost, as recent concessions prove.

His critics allege that as a leader he was not a success; the explanation is not difficult to fathom. The standard of his political principles was too high for his cotemporaries, "His very failings leaned to virtue's side."

7. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD.—Among the successful captains of industry who have built up a large and profitable business, apparently impelled by the sole ambition of accumulating wealth for the noble gratification of expending it in the channels that are proving most beneficial to his fellow mortals, Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, stands pre-eminent. His princely gifts to

McGill University, totalling over two millions of dollars, have enabled the governors of the university to instal an equipment for the teaching of the various sciences, which brings McGill up to a high level among its rivals.

But praiseworthy as are his gifts to McGill, not a fraction of one per cent. of the community derive any direct benefit from the degrees conferred on graduates in classics, mathematics or physics. Recognising that fact, Sir William Macdonald has, in the last three years, been expending millions on an institution of his own creation, where agriculture, household science and manual training are being taught the sons and daughters of the farmers of the Province of Quebec, under the guidance of Professor Robertson. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is regarded as a benefactor of his kind, what language can describe the benefits that will flow from teaching the farmer how to double the products of his land?

8. WILLIAM MACKENZIE.—Occupying the northern half of one of the five continents on our planet, Canada needs bold and energetic sons to cope with the difficulties involved in overcoming the vast spaces that intervene between its settled parts, and among the successful builders of railways, William Mackenzie may be fairly classed. Beginning as a contractor, he invested his profits judiciously and soon after undertook construction of railways on his own account. His ambition to construct a third transcontinental line has rather surprised his rivals; but judging from the progress made by The Canadian Northern, the hope of its chief promoter is likely to be gratified.

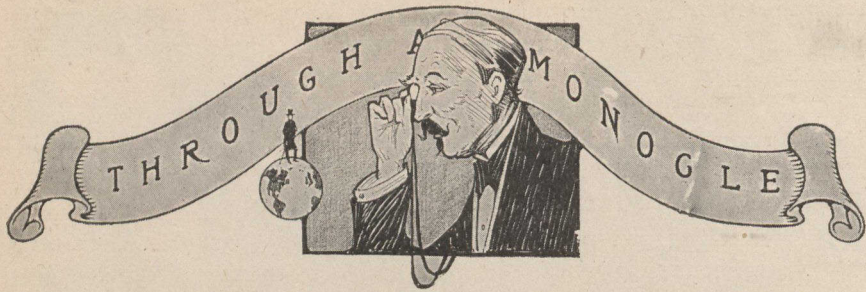
In securing public aid, it is worthy of note that subsidies to The Canadian Northern escape severe criticism when passing the Committee of the Whole in the House of Commons, due, no doubt, to the judicious way in which the pawns on the parliamentary chess board have been played. With such a record, should not William Mackenzie be placed in the coveted list?

9. SIR EDWARD S. CLOUSTON was appointed a junior clerkship in the Bank of Montreal over forty years ago, and by industry and zeal in the interests of the bank, rose in the year 1890 to the position of General Manager.

Possessing to a high degree the qualities of caution, coupled with sound judgment, so necessary for the successful management of a bank, the institution, during his term of office, has continued to be regarded as the leading bank of Canada—an enviable position that entitles its head official to take rank among the ten big men.

10. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY.—Though the last on my list, the deduction should not be drawn that there are nine bigger men in Canada than the General Manager of the C. P. R.—a company that is successfully operating lines aggregating over 10,000 miles within the Dominion, and controlling the traffic on over 3,000 miles of lines in the adjoining Republic; with fleets of steamers on the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and on the Great Lakes in Canada—manifesting in many ways a spirit of enterprise unknown in ordinary railway administration, and at present spending several millions in proving that, when irrigated, the arid prairie in Southern Alberta is the finest wheat land in the world, yielding as high as 60 bushels to the acre.

The man who successfully guides a corporation of the magnitude of the C. P. R., with its large army of employees, must certainly be ranked high up among the big men of Canada.



THE politicians are showing open perplexity these days over what they should do about "patronage." Some are taking the easy course and ostentatiously kicking the thing out of the front door—though, I suspect, with a wink to certain interested bystanders intended to intimate that there is a rear entrance. Others are discussing the problem honestly, and insisting that there is an honest sort of "patronage." Moreover, they are of the opinion that it will be exercised so long as we have the party system worked by human beings. You can destroy "the letter"—in the form of a "patronage list"—but you cannot uproot "the spirit." When men join together in a political party, and bear all the wear and tear of a political campaign, and dip down in their pockets for the wherewithal, and succeed in electing men of their own choosing to Parliament or the Legislature, they will not—we are told—be content to see the men who fought against them treated just like themselves when the Government they have put in power is spending its money and filling its offices.

* * *

THERE is this much to be said in their favour at once—no Government known to man ever has acted in this way. We talk a lot about the non-partisan administration given the people of the United Kingdom by the British Government; but no one will pretend that even that sublime organisation does not know the difference between a political friend and a political foe when it comes to making appointments, let us say, or lifting gentlemen to the House of Lords. At times, they cross party lines—probably oftener than we do in this country—but they know that the lines are there, and they habitually keep inside of them. Down in the United States, they have a civil service law, forced on the politicians by the public after more than one hard-fought campaign; but the "patronage" system applies relentlessly to every office not under the cover of this blanket, and it is seen in the spending of money all along the line.

* * *

I VENTURED to say to a friend the other day that I did not think that any political party which honestly abandoned the practice of rewarding political services, could stay in power in this country. I think I even went so far as to say, in the heat of discussion, that "the people of Canada do not want honest government." That possibly was hyperbole. But I doubt whether they could be depended upon to vote for it. Let us suppose an election campaign between a party which frankly exercised "patronage"—which favoured the contractors who helped it, which gave offices to friends, which cut the tariff to suit its supporters—and a party which the people sincerely believed would do nothing of the sort. Where, to begin with, would be all the men who understand political organisations? Why, with the party which proposed to reward its workers. Where would the big industries cluster? Behind the party which would know a friend and

likewise know a foe when it came to revise the tariff. There would be nothing to be gained by supporting the other party, and nothing to be lost by opposing it. It would deal out justice in either case. Every interest which has anything at stake in politics would support the men who recognised the value of that support, knowing that if the other party won they would be in precisely the same position as if they had fought and "bled" for it.

* * *

NOTHING but unorganised public opinion would be with the honest party. And how far does that go? How many men do you know who are neither after an office for themselves nor have any wife's uncle's third cousin who is after one? Or, if they do not fall into this class, have neither themselves nor their friends any hope of getting a Government contract or a look-in on some deal in which it is well to have "a friend at court"? How many people are absolutely unconcerned, personally, in the party struggle? Now round up those whom you know who are free from this feeling even in the remotest way; and tell me how much genuine hard work will these disinterested persons do in a political campaign to which they are not drawn by some issue which touches the feelings—such as a religious or racial cry? Yet your honest government would have to depend on these amorphous forces to fight and conquer every organised political influence in the country, marching for once all under one flag—the proud flag of "patronage."

* * *

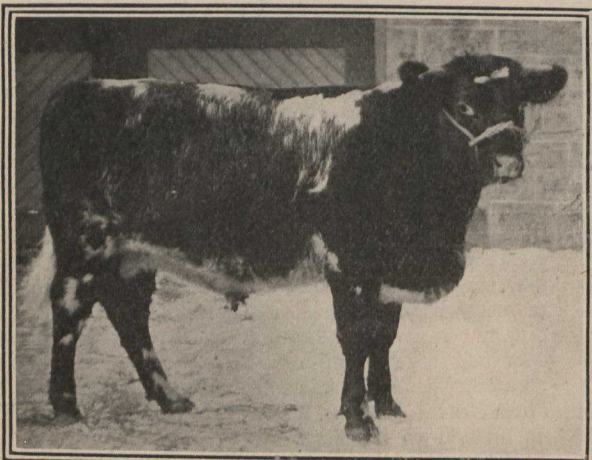
I MAY be too pessimistic in fearing for the fate of the honest party; but I cannot forget the pure white honesty of the Government of Alexander Mackenzie, and the unquestioned honesty of the little band of Oppositionists who fought the Government of Sir John Macdonald from 1878 to—let us say—1891, and the unfailing manner in which they went down to defeat every time they met the "Manufacturers' Government" which opposed them. But I am getting dangerously near to party politics. You will say that there were a lot of other reasons for the recurring defeats of the "honest party"; and I will not deny it. Their alliance with the folly of Commercial Union with the United States sufficiently accounted for their overthrow in 1891, for instance; and their opposition to the new trans-continental railway damaged them heavily in 1882. But the fact remains that Canada once had an "honest party," and she wore it down by a steady drizzle of discouragement. The result was shown in 1896 when there came from every corner of the Liberal camp the fervent hope that, now that their party had got into power, it would not be foolish enough to act as Alexander Mackenzie did and make its retention of power problematical. An awful lot of "honest" Liberals had come to believe that "honesty is not the best policy"—in politics.

* * *

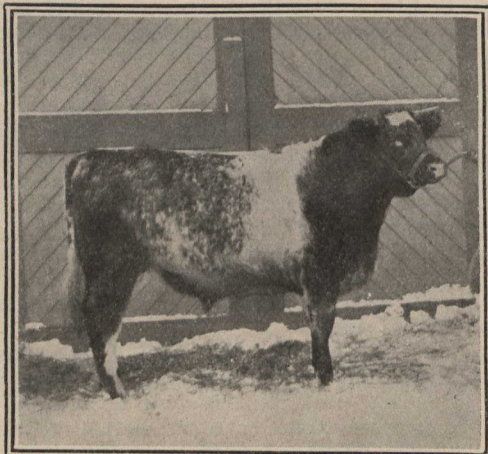
THE inference from all this is that the politicians are by no means the only persons to blame for the "patronage" system. The people are accomplices. And as long as the people are eager to pay for their own subjection to a policy of plunder, they will probably be accommodated by complaisant politicians who profit much by pursuing this Robin Hood programme.

W. M. P. O. T. E.

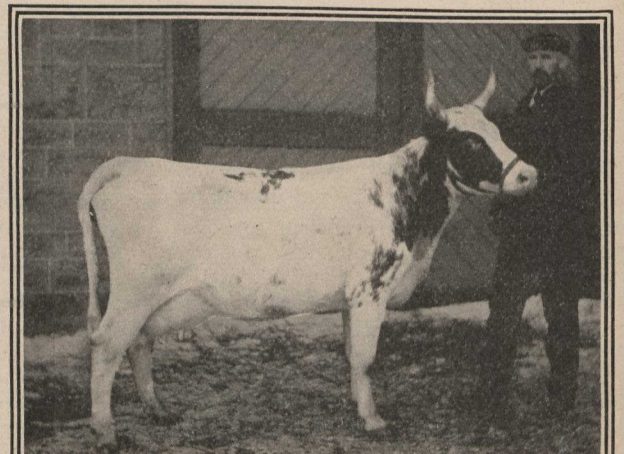
PRIZE WINNERS AT PROVINCIAL WINTER FAIR, GUELPH.



First Prize Shorthorn Calf.



Champion Shorthorn Steer.



One of the Winners in the Dairy Test.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

By PROFESSOR GEORGE COULSON WORKMAN

HAVING been asked to write an article on the significance of the Christmas festival, I wish, before offering some reflections, to make a few remarks. These have reference to the birthday of Jesus, concerning which there has always been a great uncertainty, as most of the *Courier* readers are aware; for I assume it to be generally understood that the exact date is unknown.

Though the 25th of December has long been celebrated as the anniversary of his birth, that can scarcely have been the actual date, partly because the period of observing the Nativity was not uniform among the early Christians, many having observed it in the month of April or May, and partly because the end of December was the height of the rainy season in Judea, when shepherds living in that country could hardly have been watching their flocks by night on the plains of Bethlehem. The most probable reason why the Church was led to fix upon the accepted date is believed to have been the primitive way of viewing the winter-solstice, which was once regarded as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature.

As a matter of fact, neither the day nor the year of the Nativity can be certainly determined. But that the precise time remains unknown should not occasion any surprise, especially when we consider the age in which our Lord was born and the circumstances under which his birth took place. Nor is our want of knowledge on that point of any real consequence, for nothing vital or essential depends upon it. Jesus *did* come, his work *was* done, and the effects of his life and teaching are no less important, and no less apparent either, than if we knew the very day and hour of his arrival.

When I begin to dwell on the significance of the festival, there rushes into my mind the question, What would the result be if we had no Christmas? And immediately there comes the answer: We should have no special gatherings and greetings, no special presents and benefactions, no special sermons and services, no special carols and songs at this period of the year. Those usages that belong to it and give it a unique distinction would disappear, and with their disappearance would go much of our Christianity; for it was the birth of Christ that prompted the observance of Christmas, it was that observance that brought about the customs connected with it, and it is those customs that have not only served to make the season the gladdest of the year, but have also helped to beget the spirit that characterises the remainder of the year.

As others have so often discussed them, I shall not deal with the many pleasant customs of the Christmas-tide, such as the tasteful decorations and the beautiful illuminations connected with the day, and the elaborate preparations made in anticipation of the festival from year to year. My reflections are concerned rather with the spirit begetten by its observance. This spirit has a three-

fold manifestation, or is manifested in three different directions.

In the first place, Christmas is a domestic festival. It is primarily a home institution, and is pre-eminently a time for family re-unions, reciprocal remembrances, and the giving and receiving of gifts. Next to the life of the individual, the life of the home is that on which Christ laid the greatest stress. He enacted no legislation, though he came very near to it in what He said respecting marriage; but the way in which He emphasised the sacredness of the marriage bond shows that He regarded a healthy family life as the foundation of a healthy social life. Nothing tends more powerfully to promote the moral healthfulness of the home than the kindly, Christ-like spirit which the observance of Christmas begets. Usage has made the festival one of peculiar interest to the family, especially to the younger members of the household. And to me it is delightful to walk through the streets as the holiday season approaches and watch the way in which the people of all ages are purchasing something suitable, not for themselves, but for their relatives or friends. In other words, it pleases me to notice how eager they are to get something, not for the sake of getting, but for the joy of giving. Every one is then thinking of some one else, and is then doing what will afford pleasure to some one else. The spirit of the home at Christmas-tide is one of thoughtful kindness, which seeks to give that others may have.

In the second place, Christmas is a social festival. It is distinctly a time for conveying friendly greetings, for expressing friendly feelings and for performing friendly acts. During the period of the festival, the thoughts of men in general go out to one another. The rich think of the poor, the well think of the ill, the comfortable of the afflicted, the fortunate and successful of the unfortunate and unsuccessful. Even selfish and self-centered persons then recognise in some degree their relation to those about them and the claims of such upon them. At this season, too, as at no other, people seem to realise their kinship to the members of their own community, and to cherish a feeling of brothership towards them. That feeling is largely due to the observance of the birthday of the author of our religion, who taught each man to love his neighbour as himself by delighting in his welfare. Jesus regarded mankind as a great family, in which God was the father and all were his children. As children of a common Father, he wished all men to live in peace together as members of a common household; and he exhorted his disciples to be perfect or complete in their benevolence, even as the heavenly Father is perfect or complete in his benevolence, that by so doing they might prove themselves to be his worthy and devoted children. In his view, the human family had no national limitations, but embraced the whole of humanity in its scope. All men being members of one family, all men are brethren, and should feel and act as brethren. The spirit of society at Christmas-tide

is one of brotherly helpfulness, which seeks to help that others may enjoy.

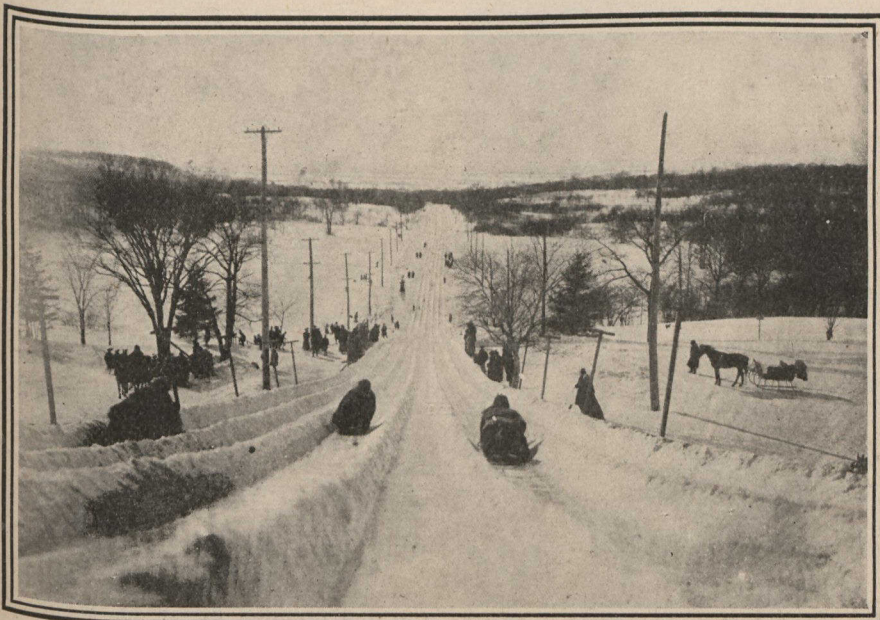
In the third place, Christmas is a religious festival. It is the time when we celebrate the bestowment of God's greatest and best gift. Religion is a reverent acknowledgment of our relation to the Being that prompts goodness and makes for righteousness; and, as a religious festival, Christmas impels us to think both of the character of the giver and of the nature of the gift. Dwelling on the love of God in giving Christ to us, and on the love of Christ in giving himself for us, we are led not only to feel kindly towards others and help them in a brotherly way, but also to see that we must give something of ourselves, as well as our substance, in order to discharge our whole duty towards them. Christ taught in principle and proved by example that "The gift without the giver is bare." He showed, moreover, that a state of society that makes selfishness the rule is irrational and wrong. If we are members one of another, we should not merely give to one another, but live for one another; and be willing not simply to help, but to serve. The spirit of the Church at Christmas-tide is one of disinterested service, which seeks to live and labour that others may be benefited and blessed.

It was this three-fold spirit of love, brotherhood and service that animated the members of the primitive Church; it was this three-fold spirit that developed the great missionary enterprises of modern times, it is this three-fold spirit also that has created a new social and economic conscience, which proclaims equal justice for all men in all relationships, which declares that the few shall not monopolize the bounties that belong to them any, and which insists that no company of men shall accumulate for their own selfish use the means which nature intended for the benefit of the whole state.

Christmas is being observed more widely every year. As a consequence, its usages are becoming more general, and its spirit is getting more intense. I should like, therefore, in conclusion to express the hope that the festivities of the coming season may tend to develop that spirit amongst the readers of the *Courier*, and to wish them, in the truest and best sense of the terms, a peaceful and happy Christmas.

ONE of the most naturally eloquent men in Canada has been appointed to lecture on as dry a subject as could be imagined—the Old Age Annuities Bill. Dr. James Samson is the lecturer. He lives in Windsor. It is a long while since Dr. Samson became known in these peninsular counties as the ablest platform speaker that ever appeared at a political meeting. Dr. Samson is an old man now. He delivered more speeches of one kind or another before he got old, than any other man in Ontario. He was in vogue at every tea-meeting and church sociable, and Sunday School anniversary, harvest home and Christmas tree entertainment in the County of Kent—for in his earlier years he lived in the town of Blenheim, where he started a newspaper known as the *Rondeau News*. One of his first editorials was on Dr. Tanner, the celebrated faster; the article was headed "Nothing in Him."

WINTER SPORTS HAVE BEGUN IN EARNEST



Montreal's Famous Slide which will have a rival this year in Toronto, the Lambton Golf and Country Club having one under way.



Skating in the open air is the finest of all our pastimes—The Montreal A.A.A. Rink.

Reformatories Old and New

With Special Reference to the Institutions at Elmira and Mansfield

By JOSEPH P. DOWNEY, M. P. P.

SPAIN and Bavaria gave to the world the first successful examples of a Reformatory System. In 1835 Colonel Montesenis organized a prison at Valencia on a military basis. He divided the inmates into companies and appointed prisoners as inferior officers; instituted a comprehensive system of trades instruction and schools of letters and gave particular attention to the education and reclamation of boys under twenty years. Though the population of the Valencia prison at that time was over one thousand, a dozen old soldiers were the only guards Montesenis employed, and the escapes were few. Recommitments during Montesenis' term were reduced from 35 per cent. to 7 per cent. Beyond question this man personally exercised a great influence upon those committed to his keeping, but the most potent factor in the splendid record of Valencia was the power vested in the governor to reduce the term of incarceration one-third as a reward for good behaviour. And it is a significant fact that when this authority was removed and the full sentence insisted upon by the Legislature the whole system collapsed.

In 1842 Obermaier took charge of the prison at Munich, Bavaria. There he found seven hundred prisoners in a state of chronic insubordination. The ball and chain, the whipping post and all the other features of the old penal system were in evidence. And yet with them all it took one hundred soldiers to maintain a semblance of order. In a few months Obermaier had removed all the instruments of torture, discharged 70 per cent. of the soldiers and reorganised the industrial department of the institution, appointing a convict superintendent over each of the shops. It is said that during Obermaier's administration only 10 per cent. of the prisoners relapsed into crime after their discharge. But even at that early date Bavaria enjoyed the advantage of the indeterminate sentence, many of the men being sentenced to imprisonment without any fixed term. Another helpful feature was the supervision of discharged prisoners and the aid and encouragement afforded them by benevolent societies.

AMONG English-speaking countries Ireland first introduced reformatory methods into penal institutions. In this respect Sir Walter Crofton's name must be placed beside those of Montesenis and Obermaier. The reform of the prisoner, Sir Walter Crofton made the chief object of his system. This system achieved such gratifying results that in the early sixties it attracted the attention of Dr. E. C. Wines and Dr. Theodore Dwight, who were then investigating the prison problem in the interest of the State of New York. In a report to the Legislature in 1867 they pronounce the Irish system "the best model of which we have any knowledge." They define it as "an adult reformatory, where the object is to teach and train the prisoner in such a manner that on his discharge he may be able to resist temptation and inclined to lead an upright, worthy life". On this report legislative action was taken which resulted in the establishment in 1876 of the State Reformatory at Elmira, "for the reception of male felons between the ages of sixteen and thirty, not previously convicted of any crime punishable by imprisonment in a state prison." In the early days of the Elmira institution the improvement agencies appear to have been limited to employment at some useful trade. Subsequently a school of letters was organised, sessions of which were held in the evening. Then followed the trade schools, and other features which now constitute what is known as the Elmira System.

Beyond question the Elmira system has exercised a mighty influence in the betterment of the relation of society towards its moral defectives. In twelve different States of the

Union the reformatory idea has since been adopted. The Borstal prison in England and others on the Continent have been largely patterned after Elmira. The classification of its inmates has proved one of the greatest difficulties with which the management of the Elmira institution has had to grapple. Its population averages 1,400 young men, a large proportion of whom come from the city of New York. His very presence in the institution is evidence of the fact, that each of these young men has been considered a danger to society and thus cannot safely be allowed to enjoy his liberty. But while all, alike, are out of relation with the established order of things they differ almost as widely in character and disposition as the same number of young men enjoying free life. Some, inherently of good character, may have yielded to a temptation which few could resist. Others, occasional law-breakers, attracted probably more by the excitement and adventure which accompany violations of the law than the gain or satisfaction which crime affords its perpetrators. Then there is the third class, naturally vicious and rebellious, with little or no inclination to restore themselves to the honourable citizenship they have forfeited. The perfect reformatory system would at the outset isolate this last-named class and so effectually prevent its bad influence affecting the well disposed among the population. This, however, is difficult of accomplishment. The antecedence of the prisoner and the nature of his offence may afford unreliable data as to the character or disposition of the man or the prospects of his reform. So it is that in Elmira all prisoners are received on the same level and afforded like opportunities for improvement and promotion.

While generally speaking the conduct of the inmate towards the various means employed for his reclamation is a pretty safe indication of his real character, cases occur, no doubt, where the adroit criminal corresponds to the discipline of the institution for the sole purpose of obtaining early freedom to prey again upon society. These exceptional instances of misdirected leniency, however, offer no argument against the continuance of reformatory work in the interests of the great mass.

In its early history Elmira had four grades; now those have been reduced to three. Every man admitted to the institution is, on admission, placed in the second grade and his record determines whether he will be promoted to a higher or reduced to the third or lowest division. Faithful compliance with the rules of the institution and industry in the line of work to which he is allotted, within six months insures a promotion, while by a serious offence he may at any time be reduced to the lower grade. Inattentive work or lack of application in studies or trade school may also incur grade reduction. Each of the grades has a distinctive uniform. The first and second grades wear black

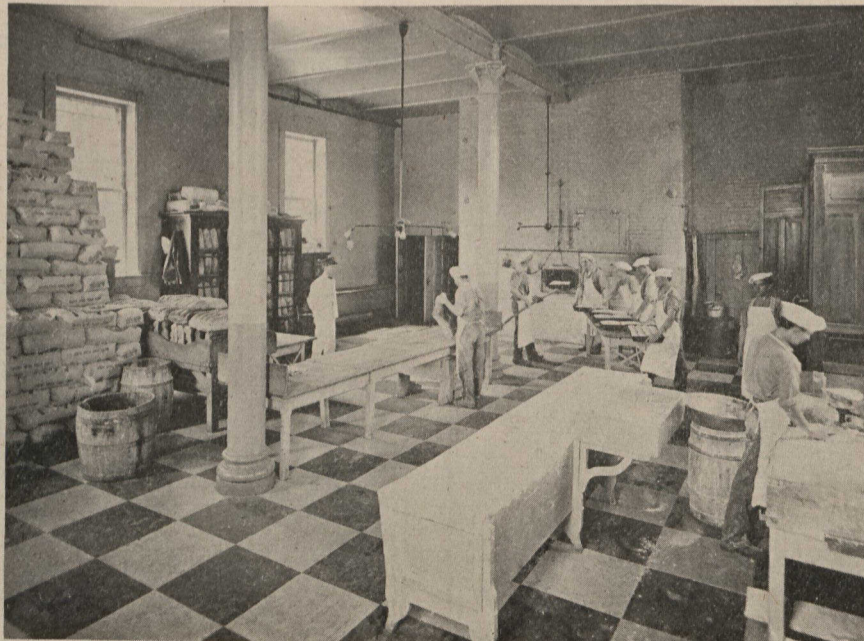
coats and grey trousers in winter and khaki uniform in summer, while in the lowest grade red coats and trousers are worn.

The value of self-support is emphasised by the Elmira system. Each inmate is credited with wages from the first day of his admission and charged with the full amount of his maintenance, lodging, meals and medical attendance. The wages are sufficient to maintain the industrious prisoner during the period of his incarceration, afford him at the time of his liberation sufficient money to pay for his transportation to a place of employment, and maintain him until he receives his first wages as a free man.

A distinctive feature of the Elmira Reformatory and one which has aroused considerable criticism is its elaborate military system. To successfully begin the work of reformation it is believed that the inmate must be in good physical condition. On his entrance to the institution, the young man is subjected to a close medical examination, and should it be found that he is the victim of any physical weakness, means are at once taken to restore him to perfect health. He may be ordered to the hospital or given special exercises in the gymnasium to build up his constitution. When he is once more a well man he takes his place in the ordinary routine of the institution; is allotted to one of the trade schools or factories and joins a class in the school of letters. Every man in the institution physically fit takes part in the military exercises. At first he is attached to the awkward squad and when a sufficient degree of proficiency in drill is acquired he is promoted to one of the regular military companies. The parade day at Elmira affords a rather imposing spectacle, to which the public is admitted. This feature of the system does not meet with general approval. Many hold that the publicity of the parade is not in line with good prison discipline, and that while it affords gratification to the morbidly curious it can do no possible good to the inmates. However that may be, the importance of reasonable calisthenic and military exercises in a reformatory cannot be overestimated. They help to straighten up the man, to smarten his movements, give him greater confidence in himself and a clearer perception of the necessity of order and obedience. As a system Elmira presents the most elaborate development of reformatory effort on this continent.

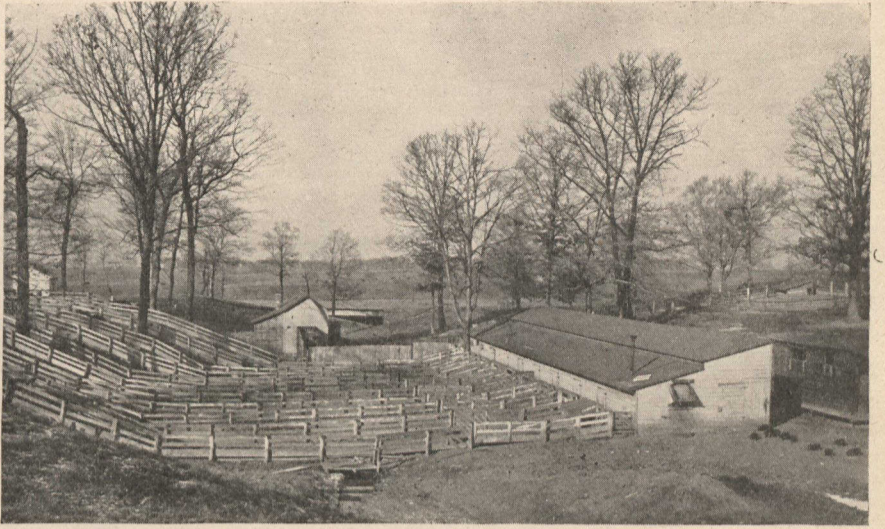
ESTABLISHED largely on the same lines as Elmira is the State Reformatory at Mansfield, Ohio. Here, too, are the schools of letters, technical schools and military exercises, but all these as corrective agencies occupy a secondary position to the land. The one thousand-acre farm, operated by the trustees or graduating class is the great regenerating influence on which Mansfield depends for healthy reconstructive influence.

They have magnificent buildings, dining rooms, spacious and sweet-smelling, cell blocks which are models of perfect sanitation, splendidly equipped schools of letters and technical schools, and busy factories operated largely on the State-use plan. Mansfield in every detail seems to emphasise the most rational development of prison reform. And yet the Mansfield system accounts for but a small measure of her success. It is the personal touch, the sustained and kindly interest in the eight hundred human problems constantly presented for solution; it is the thorough consecration of a great man to a great work that has given Mansfield her well-earned distinction. System there must be—with all the necessary rigidity to restrain, and sufficient elasticity to encourage. But the best system in the world must fail if it is not vitalised and directed by a heart that can feel and a mind that can understand. Mr. J. A. Leonard has not only made a study of the criminal class: he makes a study of every unfortunate committed to his charge. Surrounded daily



The Bakeshop at Mansfield.

WORKING OUT NEW IDEAS AT MANSFIELD



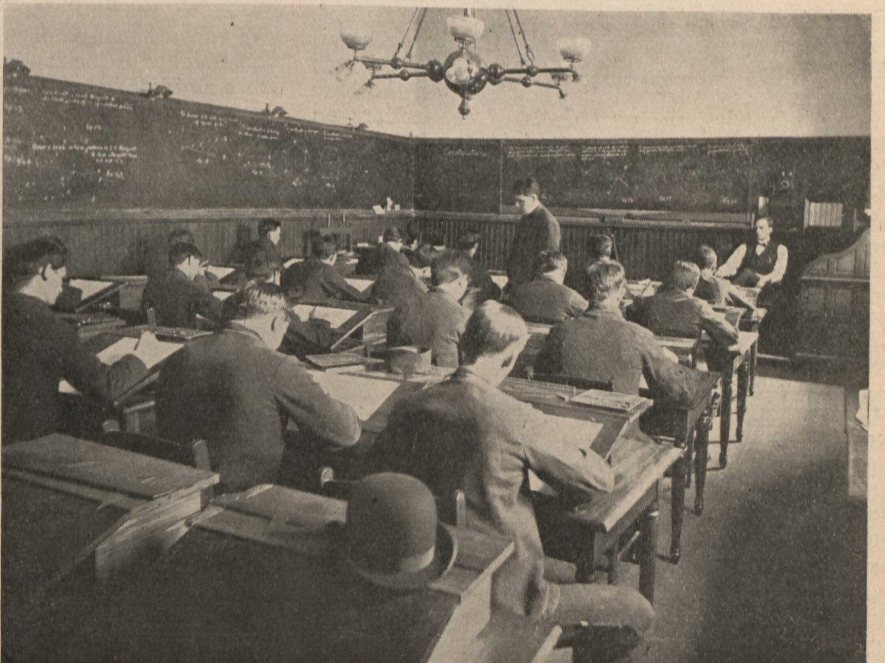
The Farm is the Great Feature—A Threshing Scene and the Cattle and Swine Pens.



Military Drill at Mansfield—This innovation has been the subject of much discussion.



A Class in the School of Letters.



Class in Drawing—Manual Training School.

THE POLAR BEAR IN CAPTIVITY



"His Regular Morning Bath."—Riverdale Park, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH.

though he is by its weak and broken vessels he has abiding faith in humanity; he believes that there is a preponderance of good in the great majority of law-breakers and that by proper methods, humanely applied, the good can be stimulated, the evil expressed and a sound moral equilibrium restored. There is nothing of the harsh martinet about Mr. Leonard. He calls the inmates his "boys," and as he moves about through the institution he is greeted with the kindly reverence that a father might expect. Here is a lad who refuses to work. He is placed in the reflection cell—not cramped and dark, but spacious and well lighted, but affording no view of either exterior or corridor. Sounds of the place come to him—the men marching to their labours or their studies, the hum of the industries, the commands of the officers on the parade ground, the music of the band. He can hear but he cannot see anything—but himself. And he has time to take a good square look at himself, and into himself. What gain is there to him in this line of conduct? What has he accomplished by suddenly refusing to join the other seven hundred and ninety-nine in their labours, their studies or their exercises? A reduction in rank, probably, and a few months' longer term of incarceration. And the noises from outside continue; busy hands and brains everywhere and time flying. Here slowly dragging hours, loneliness and inactivity unbearable. The step of the warder is heard in the corridor and a voice, with something of pleading in it, calls: "I want to see Mr. Leonard." The message is conveyed and later on the recalcitrant faces the superintendent with the request to be allowed to go back to work. Then is pointed out to the repentant one the foolishness of his indolence and insubordination. To live in the institution, or out of it, every one must work. The porridge, the bread, and the coffee that the young man had for breakfast came to him through other people's labour. Could he expect to have others

work to provide food for him and refuse to work himself? Thus emphasising the basic principle of our social system, Mr. Leonard points to the insubordinate way to a clearer conception of his duty to his fellows and his duty to himself.

Within the institutional walls of Mansfield the work of reformation is begun and carried forward. It is completed—where there is any hope for its completion—on the land. Here again the personal influence of the superintendent becomes a potent factor. The partnership in the work of improvement between the prisoner and the institutional executive, which began with the words of advice and encouragement on his admission, is now placed on a higher plane and made a matter of mutual trust and confidence. The inmate has attained the necessary standing for good conduct to warrant application for outside employment. The Parole Board receives and passes upon the application. If its decision is favourable the superintendent and the trusty enter into a bond signed by each and sealed with the institutional seal, whereby it is agreed that the trusty shall be permitted to work anywhere outside the enclosure without special direction of a guard, and the trusty on his part binds himself to faithfully observe the rules, work industriously and return to the prison enclosure at the specified time. The superintendent further agrees to hand over to the inmate on his release "this bond," as positive evidence to all concerned that he "enjoyed the confidence and faith of the management and in all things conducted himself as a man and a good citizen." This may sound like empty ceremonial or red tape. But the records show the efficacy of the bond of honour. In three years, out of two hundred inmates at work upon the farm, only five have attempted to escape, two of these have voluntarily returned, two have been recaptured and one is still at large.

Then, too, it must be remembered, there is nothing of the heroic in a trusty taking leg bail.

The man who braves an armed guard or scales the prison walls may by his lawless courage claim the admiration of his fellows, but the inmate who breaks his bond is regarded with contempt. They don't refer to it as an escape; they call it a "sneak away."

The Ten Big Canadians

There have been many changes in the past week, and several new names appear in the list. Sir James Whitney and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy have made great gains. The results to Monday noon (14th) are as follows:

1. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
2. Lord Strathcona.
3. Sir Wm. Van Horne.
4. Mr. Wm. Mackenzie.
5. Mr. Goldwin Smith.
6. Sir Charles Tupper.
7. Hon. W. S. Fielding.
8. Dr. Osler.
9. Sir James P. Whitney.
10. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.
11. Mr. D. D. Mann.
12. Mr. R. L. Borden.
13. Sir Wm. C. Macdonald.
14. Hon. Edward Blake.
15. Sir Sandford Fleming.
16. Dr. B. E. Walker.
17. Sir Gilbert Parker.
18. Prof. Graham Bell.
19. Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor")
20. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.
21. Sir Hugh Graham.
22. Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
23. Hon. Geo. A. Cox.
24. Sir E. S. Clouston.
25. Sir William Mulock.



Huge Sea Lion of the Puget Sound.

Photographs by the Author.

MY ASSISTANT'S NATURAL HISTORY

A Camera Study of the Sea Lion

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.

ALL along the inhospitable coast line of Cape Flattery, along with the high cliffs and jagged reef shores of Vancouver Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in the more sheltered Puget Sound you can see this big brownish animal plunging and splashing; the true Sea Lion with the stiff, bony feelers, that the Chinese use for tooth-picks, standing out like a bristling moustache.

My assistant Fritz, boylike, felt slighted, because, although I had often pictured him as helping in the work of arranging and dissecting my subjects, he never had had a free hand in the taking of the notes and in forming the picture groups, so, as a strike seemed to stare me in the face, I let him have his own way.

"Sir," he burst out, "I have ridden bronchos and mules, and we always rode the colts we catch on the ranch. Yes, and I've been on a few pigs and calves. So, the proper way to picture this beast," and he gave the prostrate Sea Lion a gentle kick, "would be for me to ride it, so get the camera ready." I obeyed.

"Note!" He imitated me to the life. When my hands are soiled with the dissecting, he inscribes the notes. "It has twenty-one semi-transparent feelers on each side of the jaw. Also note that the eye is large and staring-looking and seal brown in colour. I bet he's seen some odd things with those two brown peepers. Do you remember the one we saw in the Straits that took the head off the salmon as clean as a knife? Oh, I must have a look at the teeth," and he pried the stiff jaw

open. "Large, irregular. Never uses tooth powder by the yellow colour. Insiders (the lad meant incisors) long and sharp, four small front teeth and both jaws chuck full of molars. But, say! They are all sharp. Golly! no wonder he can nip half a dozen salmon's heads off in as many minutes. Are you ready? Well, give me that rope. Now—when I get nicely settled—GO!"—and I snapped the big machine and show you how Fritz looks on his odd steed.

We admired the close brown coat of hair that covered the body, the huge hind and fore-flippers. "Look!" burst out Fritz. "Why, he's got toe-nails on his hind feet. See!" Each of the finger-like divisions of the flippers had assuredly a strong nail or claw sticking out through the leathery substance.

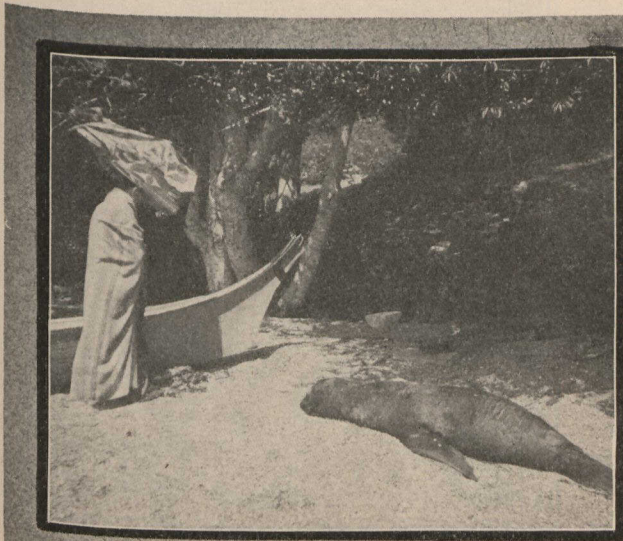
"Kindly observe the short stubby tail, plentifully covered with short, brown hair, and I think we will find, on closer observation, that it is well filled with fatty layers over and about the bones." Here the merry lad paused and looked so solemn a young naturalist that I was forced to laugh loud and long.

"As we were reading in those notes on the Coast Indians about their having this great fat beast as a totem I think it would be well for my readers,"—here he paused and rolled from off his deep sea horse—"if I were to form a group showing the native Indian in his costume and head-dress with his totem beside him." And off the merry lad scampered up the bank to borrow a Nootka head-dress from my kind neighbour. Back he ran, book and head-dress and lad a stumbling, plunging mass.

Assuming a student pose, he opened the Indian history and read: "The dancer being clothed in his blanket, with the great-eyed mask on his head, approaches his canoe, pretending not to see his totem that lies waiting on the sand beside him,—Go!" again the machine clanged—"suddenly turns and seats himself beside or in front of his totem, then seizing the head in his hands he sings, Qaqaam, Qaqa, Qaqa — are you ready? Go!" I took this picture and ran over and seized the book. The audacious lad had, improvised the entire history, and not so far wrong either, excepting that he sang the Raven Song in place of a chant to the Sea Lion.

The mask is correctly called the Nootka mask, and the position chosen in walking up the beach was copied from an old illustration, a sketch, showing a young chief returning from his canoe after landing from a four-days' sojourn in the forest, where he bathed and rubbed himself with hemlock branches and sought diligently for the spirit of his totem, the Sea Lion, that he might get a new name and compose a new dance, and later return and perform it. This is part of the initiation ceremonies in the making of the young man into a chief and member of the far-reaching secret societies of these Indians.

Now the lad was busily sharpening a pencil. "Note!" he suddenly cried. I was minus both notebook and pencil! "How like a boy?" he calmly remarked. "Always playing when you should be attending the business upon which we are engaged. I should estimate that this is a female, from



Fritz in the Indian Ceremony.



Fritz and his Totem.



Fritz and his Sea Lion Steed.



Ontario's New Demonstration Farm at Driftwood, 100 miles North of New Liskeard.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

IN a time when scarcity of money seems to be something of an epidemic, it is rather refreshing to read about a large sum of money that for nearly a hundred years has been lying in a bank in the good old-fashioned way, just accumulating interest. Eighty-one years ago Nathaniel Taylor, who lived at Boroughbridge, England, sent a draft to his son John in Canada for fifteen thousand dollars. The draft was drawn on the Bank of Upper Canada at the place which is now called Toronto. But it was never paid. John Taylor was not badly in need of money, so he left the account to pile up; married and raised a family; moved to the States—and still he carried the draft, not needing the cash. Some time or other the draft was burned; but that didn't worry John Taylor, who never even bothered mentioning the matter to his family. Now one of the family is living in Hamilton, and he is figuring that if he could get his hands on that original fifteen thousand at about two and a half per cent. for eighty-one years, he would have the tidy little sum of a hundred thousand dollars.

* * *

ONE of the pioneer manufacturing industries in the West is the making of beet sugar. Last year seven million pounds of sugar were made at Raymond, Alberta, which is the only place in Canada west of Wallaceburg where sugar is made. In the old days sugar, like nails, was very high in price. They used to charge twenty-five cents a pound for almost everything, regardless of quality, in that

country—because it cost just as much to freight in a hundred-weight of sugar as the same quantity of nails, and the freight was the main item of expense. The Raymond sugar factory is overcoming freight charges by making sugar within the country. The land in southern Alberta is well adapted for beet raising. This year two thousand six hundred acres of beets were grown near Raymond; and since on an acre it is possible to raise from fifteen to twenty tons of beets, the total tonnage of beets would be more than a million. Somebody has figured out the cost and profits of raising beets in Alberta. On a ten-acre patch results figure out something like this: Yield should go 15 tons per acre, which at \$5 per ton brings \$750.00; expense in cultivating and harvesting, \$30 per acre, \$300.00; net profit resulting, \$450.00; while all the work was done by the family. This of course is a rosy estimate, and those who are engaged already making a fair profit raising pickles in the east should write for further information before going to Raymond to raise sugar beets.

* * *

PROBABLY the oldest insurance man in the West is Mr. A. McT. Campbell, who has the western management of one of the leading insurance companies in Canada. Mr. Campbell started insurance in the West when Vancouver was in the woods and Winnipeg a conglomeration of log buildings. He travelled by trail; not for his health, but because there were no railways. In those days life insurance was hard to get. A man had to travel a good many miles by buckboard to write a policy. In fact, there were very few people in the country to insure. Most of those that were there, were either too hard up or too much absorbed in the main chance of the present moment to bother about life insurance. Now the company which Mr. Campbell represents carries six millions of loans in the West.

* * *

TOMATOES ripening at Haileybury—this is the next best thing to vegetables and wheat at Dawson. Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, son of the ex-Auditor-General, raised and ripened tomatoes in the open at that northern Ontario town. This is the first instance of this succulent, tender fruit being ripened so far north as 333 miles north of Toronto. In Edmonton, which is 700 miles north of Toronto, most garden truck ripens well, but as yet they have not gone into grapes, peaches and tomatoes. Next we shall be hearing of a banana belt in the Abitibi.

* * *

ONTARIO'S rulers are convinced that not all the farm technique is required in southern Ontario or taught in the Ontario Agricultural College. The Government has opened an experimental and demonstration farm. This is a real test farm hewed out of the woods. The Government have cut the timber on 100 acres of their plot and have logged and cleared 20 acres. It is situated in the town of Driftwood in the township of Walker, 104 miles north of New Liskeard, and 217 miles north of North Bay.

IN Vancouver they are seriously considering the subject of music. Lately, Instructor of Music Dicks was sent to Europe by the School Board to study the systems in vogue of teaching children to sing in English cities. He observed a great many interesting methods; but the power of singing in the lives of boys he found in a very striking way in old Battersea, where John Burns is member of Parliament. He says:

"It was in old Battersea, and those who know London know the class of people who live there. It is of the poorest class and children have to be very largely cared for in the matter of clothes and food by the county council. A very striking instance of the influence of music was brought to my attention there. Previous to eight years ago they seem to have had a great deal of trouble there with the children in that district. The principal told me that previous to his going there the boys were more like wild animals than children, and it seemed impossible to discipline them. When he took charge of the school he introduced music, and since then it had been systematically and thoroughly taught in all the grades, and to-day the school is as well disciplined and behaved as any school I have seen on this continent or anywhere else. They attribute it very largely to the teaching of music."

* * *

RACING with a train has been indulged in by a good many dogs and occasional horses; but the most sensational race of that kind was lately pulled off by a moose and a cariboo up in the region



C. P. R. Steamer Keewatin, on her maiden trip through the Sault Canal.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. V. HEARST.



Pushing back the fruit-and-vegetable line. Tomatoes grown at Haileybury in Northern Ontario, by Mr. Lorne McDougall.

of Mattawa. For more than two hours these animals, frightened from the forest by a couple of well-known American gunmen, raced the east-bound Imperial Limited on the main line of the C. P. R. between North Bay and Mattawa. The sight was hugely enjoyed by all the passengers able to see the race; and the most weary yawner in the day coach forgot to study the timetable as he watched the new schedule being made by the horned animals of the woods. Just how the moose and the cariboo negotiated all the details of that seventy-mile steeplechase is not clearly recorded; but a Montreal scribe tells the story as recounted to him by eye-witness Mr. W. C. Jordan, of Lumsden's Mills. Here is the description:

"The engine was puffing away and rolling out black clouds of smoke. The moose would from time to time heave his massive head and neck, and antlers spread like palm branches and pointed and the cariboo with antlers hardly of less dimensions, but shaped like a bow bent in the direction of the neck, and plentifully spiked, was swinging gracefully. When the station of Deux Rivieres was fully reached it was thought the race would end, but no; even when the animals might apparently have got ahead as the train slowed up they seemed to think it was unsportsmanlike to sneak away. They plunged boldly into the two rivers and swam across both, gaining the opposite shore as the train was still on the bridge. The cariboo was the first to give out. Bisset, Rockcliffe, Mackay, Moorlake, Bass Lake and Wylie had been passed. Rivers and creeks had been dauntlessly swum—Gordon Creek, Green Creek, and Abimica Creek—each time the racing animals came out refreshed. It was near Chalk River when the moose too, dropped away, sinking down exhausted in a red pine clump."

SASKATCHEWAN cities are competing for the new university. Regina, Prince Albert, Battleford and Moosejaw are the claimants. Each has ancestral claims of a high order. Battleford has age and local history, a former capitalship of the Territories and is headquarters for a division of mounted police. Prince Albert has considerable age, has for years been a college town—the first in the land—and is also a divisional headquarters. Both these young cities have a prodigality of scenery—odds rather in favour of Battleford; although North Battleford is about as bald a place in its north backyard as anything about Regina and gets most of its rare charm of landscape from looking across the river gorge at old Battleford, white and dazzling in the dreamy distance. Regina again is headquarters for all mounted police, became the capital of the Territories when Battleford relinquished the title, is the capital of the new province and has more wheat commerce and real estate values than both the other towns put together. Regina, however, is not naturally aesthetic in geography. If the imagination is to be considered, the university should go to either of the other cities. But it's a ticklish business talking about these ardent young western communities. They are all very deserving and magnificently hopeful. As to Moosejaw—not so much is well known. The name is not inviting. The town is thriving and rather historic. But no doubt Moosejaw has inherent claims quite as cogent as any of the other three.

NOW the damming of Lake Temiskaming is being considered by the Department of Public Works. The recent drop in the Ottawa River has alarmed the engineering authorities. Of course Lake Temiskaming is really an enlargement of the Ottawa. The proposal is to build a dam at the foot of the lake capable of holding 27,278,400,000 cubic feet of water—remarkable accuracy! Dams are also contemplated at the head waters of the Quinze and Lake Kippewa and half a dozen other spots in that picturesque and romantic country. Down in New Brunswick also the river gods are giving trouble. The editor of the St. John Telegraph has this to say:

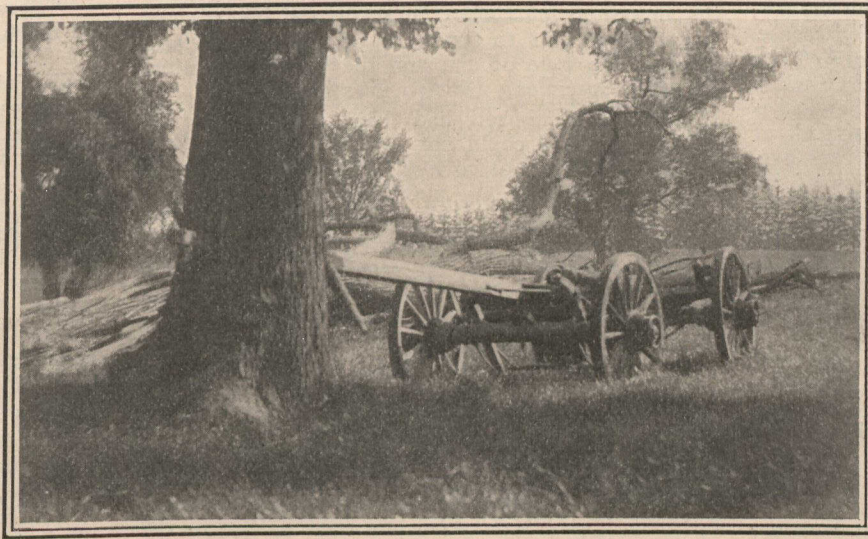
"What is happening in the case of the Ottawa River will happen in the case of the St. John a few years hence unless the men who rule New Brunswick take measures to protect the forests, the rivers, and hence the whole country. The Ottawa River last spring had a rush of disastrous floods. The damage was very great, and is bound to recur. During November the Ottawa was unusually low—so low that industries depending upon stream flow for power were shut down, while the

capital city had a scant supply of very bad water—not enough for power and fire purposes, and unfit for drinking. The cause of this serious situation, which bids fair to be worse year after year, is mainly the destruction of the forests by fire and by wasteful lumbering along the upper reaches of the great river and its tributaries. The vegetation which held the moisture and maintained the steady flow of the river, prevented sudden floods, provided ample water for power and navigation, and made the great valley fertile, is disappearing."

* * *

LURID stories in the press of late concerning the manufacture of bombs by the Hindus at Millside, British Columbia, turn out to be rather wild talk. The Hindus disclaim that they have any intention of blowing up a part of the Empire before they are deported to Honduras. The Sikhs appointed a deputation to prepare a letter for publication in the Vancouver World saying:

"The writer has accused the Sikhs and Hindus of Millside of the manufacturing of bombs to help the Banglies of Calcutta and other affected districts of India. We beg to ask the writer if he is acquainted with the history of the Sikhs? The civilised world knows that the great warlike Sikhs are the backbone of the British government in India, nay, not only in India, but also in other parts of the Empire. The Sikhs have gained a reputation as first-class warriors by displaying unparalleled courage and chivalry in all the wars that have been waged by Great Britain, in Africa, Soudan, Somaliland, South Africa, in Asia, in China, in Burmah, in Afghanistan, on the Indian frontier, Thibet and in other campaigns. They fought well and this is the reward of their hard work for the British flag,



Farm-truck with Tongue through Trunk of Basswood Tree, after a spirited runaway. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. W. SNIDER.

that they are treated worse than swine in the colonies and are blamed by certain 'newspapers' of the manufacture of bombs to throw off the British yoke from India."

* * *

THE close of the most peculiar season of navigation in Canada has been marked by the most phenomenal output of grain ever known in the northern ports. Smoke, fog and storm have all been adverse to the ships of the great lakes. Elsewhere on this page may be found the picture of one of the lake carriers, the Keewatin, making her first voyage on the lakes.

* * *

A RUNAWAY that breaks all known records for novelty occurred on the farm of Mr. Peter McGarvin, four miles up the Creek Road from Chatham, Ont., the other day. A correspondent sends both photograph and a terse description of the accident.

Mr. McGarvin had been breaking a four-year-old colts and had them pretty well under control when the lines were laid down for a few seconds, in order to close the gate. After they had been driven into a field, they took fright at some unusual noise, ran down a hill and had got up a pretty good speed when they ran into a basswood tree, eighteen inches in diameter, with the result as shown, the tongue of the farm-truck being driven completely through by the heft of the horses, which were big strong fellows.

SOMETHING LIKE COBALT.

HELLO, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"

"I'm at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. But remember, he is a first-class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. That's the treasurer. He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened face old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—Bohemian.

My Assistant's Natural History

(Continued from page 13)

the lack of the longer hair on the neck and shoulder, called a mane by many writers. Say, what is a mane, sir? And has the ocean long hair, too, for I heard you call it the mane?"

"Main laddie," I corrected.

"The front flippers we see are without nails, yet the marks for their — oh, say sticking-out-place are there. All of the body is covered with the thick coat of fine hair. It is seal brown below, but has been sun-bleached to light yellow above. These animals are viviparous or oviparous—I don't know which."

"They are viviparous—producing young alive. The little sea lions are born on the rocks near the shoreline, so that as soon as they have grown strong enough on the food furnished by the parents they can slide and roll off into the sea and catch the small fishes for themselves," I told him.

"Thanks for the timely information. Hand me my scalpel? What? Not with you! Run and get it." Here the lad heaved a deep sigh—"How like a boy to forget the most needed articles! Thank you," he gravely muttered as I handed him the scalpel. "It is always well to see," he continued, copying my very tones, "that the hands have no freshly-cut places upon them before you start dis-

section, else blood-poisoning is to be dreaded. The first cut should be straight down the body, just cleaving the skin, then across in the form of a cross. Note a coating of two inches of blubber. Golly! ain't he fat? See, here is the heart! Why, that's as big as a cow's heart! And look at the big lungs! No wonder he can float well. One, two, three, four big livers, and see the great big bladder! My, that will make a fine football! See the big kidneys! Why, they are all marked like a honeycomb when I cut them across. And perhaps she wasn't a gay old lady with the fish! Why, she is just full of salmon and herring bones and parts of the half-digested fish. Look at those grand muscles! No wonder she can turn her flippers, and back and plunge and flop all over the scenery at once. I'm going to skin her and preserve the hide for our cabin."

True to his word, the lad did skin her, and a pretty fair job he made of it, although I was pursued by Sea Lion every time he got within ten feet of me in his hunting clothes for a week after. We found the fore-flippers very hard to cure; but the hide, well salted, then sprinkled with saltpetre and alum, tanned well. He found it very hard to dissect, without as much as wetting, let alone soiling his hands. I always aim at this, as my subjects are sometimes a trifle ancient before I can get my knife working. So the work goes on, the merry laughter and quaint remarks of the lad helping to lighten many a weary tramp and heavy carry, many a lonely night and dark wet trail, while we together study the many wondrous things the Creator has so plentifully scattered over and around this most blessed of all islands, Vancouver.

THE CRYSTAL GOBLET

The Story of a Cup with a Fatal Draught

By DRUID GRAYL, Author of "Satan's Snare," "The Body in the Box," "No Clue," &c.



"LOT 143," said the auctioneer: "the most important item of the collection. A rock-crystal goblet of the sixteenth century, engraved with poppies and the figure of the goddess Proserpine; having also on its foot an emblem of a phoenix rising from its ashes—probably the cog-

nissance of a noble family of mediæval Italy.

"I quote from the catalogue," he went on. "But now permit me to call your attention to a peculiarity in the stem of the goblet. Riley, take the article round, carefully, and tilt it gently between the light. Notice, gentlemen, that the stem is hollow, and contains a few drops of some liquid."

There was no doubt as to the fact; the fluctuation could be observed distinctly; moreover, certain prismatic hues came and went as the liquid flowed to and fro.

"The goblet has been submitted to a scientific expert," continued the auctioneer, "and he informs me such a state of things is quite possible—though rare—in the matter of the crystal, which sometimes absorbs and retains a small quantity of water or other fluid during formation. He states, too, that an article such as the present specimen, if long buried in the earth might receive liquid by infiltration through the seam of the stem. In either case, the object is probably unique, and therefore of the greatest possible interest to connoisseurs. Such a specimen has never passed through my hands before, though in sale annals there is a record of such ancient goblet having been offered years ago. It was, I understand, broken in the course of inspection, when such a delightful odour filled the auction-room that the broken article fetched more than if intact."

A burst of laughter followed this statement.

As it subsided, the voice of a little, dark Hebrew was heard saying to a companion—

"Can't he tell the tale, though? O, my, not half!"

"Dot's drue, Levi; I read him in a book," replied the other—a stout, impassive-looking foreigner—just as audibly.

"Thank you, sir," said the auctioneer, turning in his direction, with a bow and flourish of the hammer. "The corroboration of a perfect stranger is as gratifying as unexpected. Make the best or worst of the liquid in the stem, gentlemen, as you please. Now, will someone kindly make me a bid for the engraved rock-crystal goblet of the sixteenth century, presumably Italian?"

"Ten pounds!"

"Twenty!" said the little Hebrew.

"Dirty!" added the stout foreigner.

There was a long pause. It was evident that others of the company were awaiting developments, suspecting collusion.

"A mere thirty pounds for a rock-crystal goblet of the sixteenth century!" remarked the auctioneer. "Well, I must pass this item, and go on to the next. The last specimen fetched thousands, as you all know; and though, admittedly, it was a more important piece than this, I beg to observe that the poorest samples are not quite so plentiful as Bristol diamonds, or the star-stones of Warwickshire. Replace the goblet, Riley."

"I gif vivvy," interpolated the stout man.

"One hundred guineas," said a quiet, but distinct and musical voice.

Everyone turned and looked at the speaker—a slender, singularly handsome young man in faultless morning costume, but with something un-English in his appearance nevertheless.

One or two persons present knew him, evidently, for reassuring glances were exchanged, and the little Hebrew said to his companion—this time in a whisper—"Markham's adopted son. It's all right; go on, Rafnitz."

"Nod I!"

"I will, then. Fifty!"

"Two hundred guineas," said the young man, calmly.

This coolness acted on those present as a clear frost does on the appetite, and one bidder after an-

other hungered for the goblet with a stimulating craving. It ran up to three hundred and fifty guineas, when the bidding checked again.

"Don't lose it, Mr. Antonio," pleaded the auctioneer. "I should like you to have it, because it will be thoroughly appreciated. Say three-sixty. I'll take five guinea bids now."

"I'm bidding entirely on my own responsibility," replied the young fellow, courtesy; "though I think the goblet would interest Mr. Markham. I'll risk the price you suggest, but no more. Any-one is welcome to it at a higher figure."

"Three hundred and sixty guineas for the rock-crystal goblet. Any advance? Once! Twice! Third, and last time—three hundred and sixty guineas."

There was no higher bid, so the article was knocked down to Mr. Antonio, who wrote a cheque for the amount and took his acquisition away in its velvet-lined case—oblivious of or indifferent to a score or more of envious, disappointed or admiring eyes directed upon him as he wended his way out of the auction-room.

He did not make his way direct from Covent Garden to Mr. Markham's house in St. John's Wood, but proceeded to John Street, where he had two rooms on the ground floor, one of which was tastefully furnished as a sort of study sitting-room, the other being always in use, more or less, for the numerous purchases he made for his adopted father from time to time; for he had the Italian's true, inborn love of art, and the unerring instinct for good specimens, which comes of it.

Markham himself had been an invalid for some years, and could not ride his hobby-horse in the actual pursuit of curios; but he read with avidity every dealer's and auctioneer's catalogue that was sent to him, and then entrusted Antonio with his commissions. At his house, "The Belvedere," known of every art-loving person in London and to all provincial sightseers as one of the free shows on a Thursday in the metropolis—the student could see most things genuine, costly, and rare, from an English pewter chalice of the fourteenth century to an Ashanti gold-mask. His own pictures were not the least noteworthy objects of a unique exhibition, though he never attempted to sell one or exhibit in a public gallery. Swell cracksmen had paraphrased Blucher's remark on London, in reference to "The Belvedere"—in the words, "What a house to crack!" But a knowledge of his great boarhounds and private information that secret-wires, which, once touched, connected the place with its corresponding number at the nearest police station, made them refrain from the job with sincere envy but small emulation.

The crystal goblet intended as the most recent contribution to the house's treasures, was very carefully scrutinized by Antonio, therefore, before it was submitted to the master; with a powerful telescopic lens he went over every line of it methodically, carefully and patiently, time after time; and then perused many works of reference before returning to the specimen again. In fact it was nearly eight o'clock before he left his rooms for home, with the precious goblet. But he was plainly self-satisfied. His step was light and firm, his bearing confident, and there was that smile on his face which comes only once in a life—when the fulfilment of the heart's desire is near at hand.

On reaching his home he went straightway to Mr. Markham's private room, thinking to find his adopted father alone at this early hour; but, as he was about to put his hand to the door-knob he checked himself and listened awhile, with an inscrutable expression on his face—for he could hear a woman's clear tones reading aloud from Browning's poems. It was the voice of Clare Namyth, Mr. Markham's niece, a motherless young woman who had been an inmate of the house for two years now, to Antonio's great unrest, for he loved her passionately but secretly for herself, whilst distrusting an influence with her uncle which suggested future complications as to the heirship of that gentleman's wealth and possessions. Moreover, she was something of an enigma to him, frank, but irresponsive, and at times a little ironical, which intensified the distrust and filled him with vague alarm, till passion nourished on itself, banished the apprehension. He himself had

been told, in somewhat ambiguous terms, on one occasion, that the same blood ran in his own as in his adopted father's veins; but he had never ventured to ask the exact relationship, partly because Mr. Markham was not the sort of man to be questioned, and partly because there was a lurking fear that the kinship was not a matter which it was advisable to put to analysis.

The voice within the room went easily on, so, biting his upper lip, and forcing a smile, he turned the handle slowly, and went in.

"A prize, a prize for you, sir," he ejaculated, exultantly; "pardon my breaking in on your reading Clare, but here is something the like of which I have never seen before."

He took the goblet from its case and held it on a level with their eyes for inspection.

Clare looked brightly at the object, saying: "What a beautiful glass"; and Antonio, had he dared, would have replied: "There is but one beauty in the room—yourself—and in truth he would not have erred greatly, for the rich complexion, golden-red hair, and great blue eyes of the lovely young woman made everything else in the apartment cold and lifeless by comparison.

Mr. Markham, a tall, picturesque, but pallid and grey-haired man, remarked, quietly, in a low and tired voice: "A rock-crystal goblet I perceive; where did you get it, and what was the price?"

"Three hundred and sixty guineas, sir—not too much, I believe—for it is practically unique, as I will prove presently. It was put up at Marshall's Sale Rooms. I strolled in by chance. Levi was there, and a foreigner whom I did not know, with him. They went up to a hundred, and other bidders mounted by degrees till I outstripped them. Observe, sir, there is the phoenix badge of some noble Italian family on the foot; but the stem is hollow and contains a fluid—a great rarity in crystals, I learned."

"The badge is that of some disciple of Paracelsus, the physician," answered the tired voice.

Antonio started, and his olive face went a shade lighter as he replied, somewhat despondently: "I hope I have not laid out the money to bad advantage, sir."

"O dear no. Judiciously sold, the goblet would realise at least five hundred guineas. I was merely correcting your error as to the emblem."

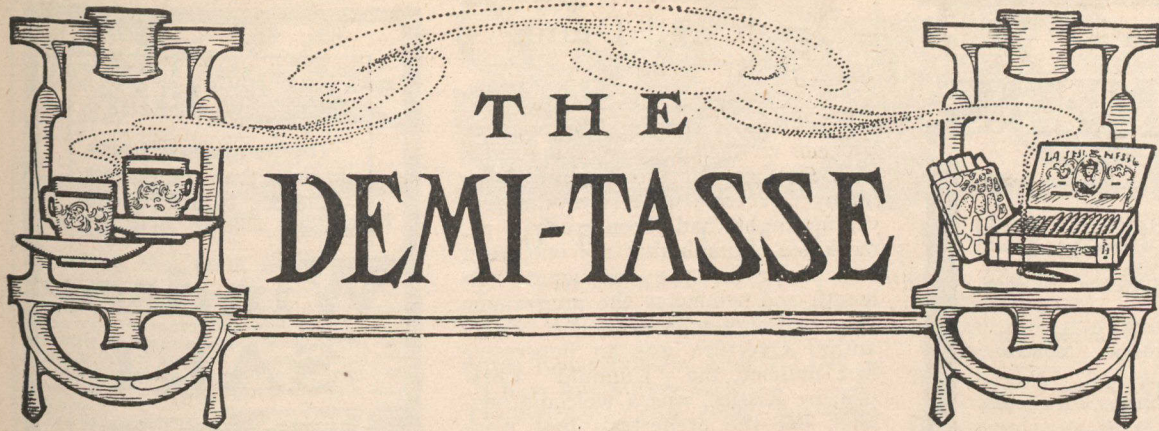
"I am so glad," said Antonio, with evident relief; "for there's sure to be a paragraph in the papers about the sale, and your collection must not be decried, sir. I ought to mention, too, that I noticed that fellow Couch—about whom Detective Parsons warned us—in the sale-room."

"Indeed," retorted Mr. Markham, a little uneasily, adding: "However, he's not likely to pay me a visit for a breakable and comparatively valueless article. Still, his presence there is significant. Thank you for your afternoon's work all round."

The young man bowed, and the three people then admired the new possession as only collectors can—every aspect of the design and every line of the engraving receiving its due praise and appreciation.

Finally the goblet was replaced in the case and set on a high bracket, and they went into the supper-room, where Mr. Markham spoke learnedly, at intervals, of crystal and early workers in the material. Antonio recurred again and again to the subject of the man Couch and his class, but Mr. Markham expressed no further uneasiness, and Clare remarked in the subtly sarcastic style she sometimes affected, that dogs occasionally ate "couch" as a medicine—a remark which puzzled Antonio so that he asked for an explanation, and was laughingly informed that *tritium trepens*—otherwise couch-grass—was indeed good natural physic for dogs, and likewise afforded an excellent pun. Antonio, who was without humour, immediately subsided, but Mr. Markham gave one of his rare laughs, and Clare resumed her ordinary manner for the rest of the evening, to the younger man's evident relief.

Nevertheless, one of the ground-floor windows was cut with a diamond a night or so later, and the dogs made no sign. Antonio was full of the matter, vowing that he would lie awake for a week



THE DEMI-TASSE

NOT THE RIGHT DELEGATE.

TWO Canadian politicians were recently discussing the appointment of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King as one of the British delegates to the International Opium Conference at Shanghai, China, next February.

"They ought not to send a bright young chap like that," said one of the critics.

"He'll make a good delegate all right," was the warm response.

"Too good by half! Now, at a sleepy old conference at Shanghai, there would be nothing like a Senator. He is used to a soporific atmosphere and would be right at home with the subject."

* * *

RE-INCARNATION.

There once lived the bold Ananias,
Whose statements could not be called pious.

And now it is found
That in fair Owen Sound
There is many a man of that bias.

* * *

FOREWARNED.

"Good-bye," said Tompkins, cheerfully, "I'll try to be home at six, but of course these are pretty busy times."

"You needn't explain," said Mrs Tompkins, calmly. "I found a note to me in your coat pocket, dated this afternoon, saying you would be kept late down town and you were very sorry." Tompkins caught the car.

* * *

THE SECOND'S ADVICE.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend, Alphonse.

"Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No, going to get married."

Alphonse, after a pause, inquired: "Can't you apologise?"

* * *



"Where they sat side by side."—Life.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

COBALT shipped more than 600 tons of ore last week and the paid subscription list of the *Haileyburian* is looking up. The Nobel peace prizes have been awarded to

M. P. Arnoldson, of Sweden and M. F. Bajer, of Denmark. Colonel Sam Hughes and Mr. Henri Bourassa are so disappointed. Better luck next time!

Dr. Sheard and Coroner Johnston have declared the new morgue in Toronto ready for the reception of guests. Hamilton papers kindly copy.

Mrs. Nation (Christian name Caroline), recently paid a visit to Glasgow and found the second city in the British Empire entirely too peaceful for her taste. When last heard from, the Enemy of the Bar was having the time of her happy life in Dublin, where shillalahs are always trump.

President Falconer introduced Dr. Adam Shortt at the latest meeting of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club. President Falconer acted the part of a perfect lady and exhibited no signs of nervousness. He wore an afternoon costume of *recherche* style and *chic* cut.

* * *

A PAINFUL DEATH.

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York seldom betrays a fondness for the anecdotal side of public addresses in the fashion commonly attributed to his countrymen. On a recent visit to a rural fair, however, he told of an occasion when he was inspecting the school in a small town. After visiting the gymnasium, swimming pool and auditorium, he entered the history class-room. An oral examination was evidently in progress.

"Thomas," said the teacher, "did Martin Luther die a natural death?"

"No ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

* * *

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

IN a small Canadian town, where the begging tramp is still tolerated, a gentleman of the "Voluntarily Unemployed" class recently approached the house of the Methodist minister and asked pleasantly: "Is His Rivirence in?"

The minister's wife, who had opened the door, smiled at his designation for her husband, and replied: "Yes, he's in, but very busy. What is the message?"

"Tell him that I'm a Scotchman and a Presbyterian an' I'd like a little assistance."

"You have come to the wrong place," said the minister's wife, with a twinkle in her eye, as she recognised the accent of the Emerald Isle. "My husband is Irish and a Methodist."

"Glory be!" ejaculated the unabashed Irishman. "Sure, my mother was Irish an' her father was a Methodist. That's where I get a bit of the brógue, an' as for me Methodist grandfather, he was a great hand for attendin' mass in that church."

Pat got a quarter on the strength of his adjustability.

* * *

THE IMPECUNIOUS ARTIST.

IN "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell, Mr. Luke Ionides tells of an afternoon visit he made on the artist.

"Jimmy was busy putting things straight—he asked me if I had any money. I told him I had twelve shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two and sixpence each, and three bottles of claret at eightpence each, and three sticks of sealing wax of different colours at twopence each. On our return he sealed the top of each bottle with a different coloured wax. He then told me he expected a possible buyer to dinner, and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table, he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a

bottle with the blue seal; and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk in perfect innocence and delight. He sold his picture, and he said he was sure the sealing wax had done it."

* * *

HIS WHOLE DUTY.

THE late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melansia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section of New Zealand owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was the "bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the bishop, "my Bible teaches me that if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn him the other," and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and taking off his coat and hat, he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—The Argonaut.

* * *



"I ain't insultin' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer ARE one!"—Punch.

* * *

MOSES, CASTIGATOR.

"Now, Mabel," said the Sunday School teacher to a small student, "can you tell me why the Lord gave Moses a rod?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mabel, with evident satisfaction at being able to furnish the desired information; "so he could make the children of Israel mind him."—Chicago News.

* * *

TWO REASONS.

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the youngster. "Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."—Democratic Telegram.

* * *

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

THE elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knick-knacks picked up a small handbag.

"Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LIMERICK WINNERS.

Holbrook's Sauce Limericks are closed for the year, the winners of the last Limerick being published below.

The judging of this contest was even more difficult than usual, owing to the increased number of replies received—ample proof that both our Sauce and our prize plan have been popular.

To the winners, and to the losers, and to all our friends, we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Gold Watches

C. G. Richardson, Montreal, P.Q.
"It leads now as it led years ago."
Mrs. John Hennehy, Montreal, Q.
"As that satisfied smile goes to show."
Robert H. Cowan, Berlin, Ont.
"In the tropics and lands of the snow."
Miss Elsie M. Hallamore, Kamloops, B.C.
"If you doubt it, just watch the sales grow."

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Wm. D. Fisher, Three Rivers, P.Q.
F. B. S. Thompson, Vancouver, B.C.
Mrs. B. A. Loudon, Winnipeg, Man.
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Miss Gertrude G. Taylor, Winnipeg, Man.
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Mrs. M. Smith, Montreal, P.Q.
Charles T. Williams, Montreal, P.Q.
J. D. Autate, Montreal, P.Q.
Chas. Holdsworth, Port Hope, Ont.
John Curry, Halifax, N.S.
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Miss Lily Stephenson, Calgary, Alta.
Mrs. A. M. Schilstra, Gretna, Man.
Mrs. John M. A. Wilson, Montreal, P.Q.

Scott's Poems

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Mrs. John Grive, Preston, Ont.
Mrs. R. S. Weir, Montreal, P.Q.
Miss Jennie Grant, Toronto, Ont.

William J. Price, Winnipeg, Man.
Chas. G. Richardson, Montreal, P.Q.
H. Cross, Calgary, Alta.
Mrs. M. A. Williams, Montreal, P.Q.
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Mrs. Corner, Toronto, Ont.
H. M. Featherstone, M.D., Prescott, Ont.
Miss Margaret Kearney, Young's Point, Ont.
Mrs. J. H. Costain, Guelph, Ont.
Geo. V. Bull, Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. D. McLaren, Sarنيا Tunnel, Ont.
Mrs. J. Parratt, Montreal, P.Q.
Miss Lillian Downes, Westmount, P.Q.
Allan Fraser, Winnipeg, Man.
Robert Macnair Todd, Winnipeg, Man.
Mrs. Huron Beares, Hamilton, Ont.
Mrs. N. Yates, Vancouver, B.C.
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F. J. H. Hazard, Toronto, Ont.
Miss E. Marjorie Painter, Simcoe, Ont.
Ernest Kennedy, Hamilton, Ont.
Miss Etta Craig, Toronto, Ont.
Miss A. L. Inglis, Vancouver, B.C.
E. R. McGaughey, London, Ont.
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Alfred Morfitt, Toronto, Ont. 1160

Music and Drama

MR. FRANK WELSMAN was the most congratulated man in Toronto on the morning of the ninth of December, for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra concert of the preceding night had been such a remarkable triumph that the one word was praise for the conductor. In length and symmetry the programme was well-nigh a model. The "Eury-anthe" Overture was an impressive first number, the "Kunihild" Vorspiel, by Kistler, was a welcome novelty; but the orchestra's best work was in the first movement of the Schubert (Unfinished) Symphony and the Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre." Mr. Welsman's realistic interpretation of the uncanniness of the ghastly midnight frolic in Saint-Saens' symphonic poem was masterly in execution. The orchestra has gained so noticeably in strength and tone that it seems as if a new organization has been added to Toronto's musical forces. As for Madame Gadske, what can be said, save that we shall not hear her like again? The magnificent warmth of temperament which made Brunhilde's call a thing divine, which infused into Luise Reichardt's song of the roses a fragrant tenderness which made a shower of crimson petals seem the only applause fit to follow such notes, has won for this queenly singer a place all her own.

* * *

THE career of Mr. Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, is like a chapter out of a story-book. Some years ago he was working for a few shillings daily, with small prospect of attaining anything more than a respectable competence. Now he is the most popular of British comedians, with an income which an Italian nobleman might covet, and the world to laugh with him. Scotland may "point with pride" to Harry Lauder, when she is accused of a certain inhospitality where jokes are concerned. London gave him crowded halls and a mountain of "baw-bees," and his departure for America was made a semi-royal occasion. New York has been delighted with the "pawky" gentleman from the "Land o' Cakes," and no doubt Canada, which he is soon to visit, will give him something resembling a Highland welcome. The only appearance of the famous Scottish comedian in Toronto will be on Monday afternoon and evening, December 21st, at Massey Hall.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Raphael Tuck's Christmas cards and calendars show some improvement over 1907, so far as Canadian features are concerned. The pictures of Canadian sports are truer to the reality than last year. The block calendars, entitled "Canada, Day by Day," are no better than last year and quite unsuitable for the label which they bear.

In their usual range of high-class novelties, Tuck's show some beautiful specimens. "The Types of Beauty" calendar, with four groups of dogs by Philip E. Stretten is magnificent. The "Ruskin" calendar, with three coloured reproductions of paintings by Turner and a colourer portrait by Ruskin, is worthy of the highest commendation. The "Dickens" monthly calendar, with twenty-four coloured plates, is a work of art and a piece of illuminated literature combined. The daily calendar entitled "Famous Pictures" embodies an entirely new idea in this kind of useful novelty.

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— Edited by —

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Sometime Lecturer in Political Economy in University of Toronto

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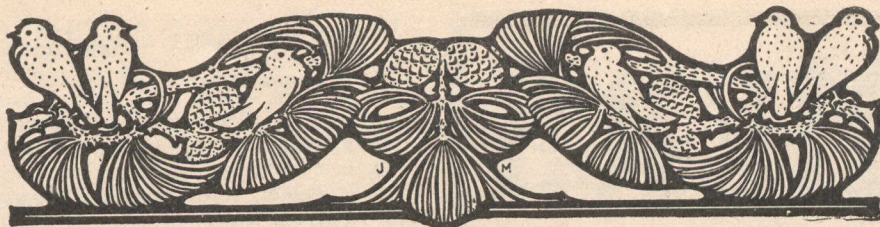
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DEATH-A-COLD.

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS.

When I stay out and slide till late
I hear my Nursey scold;
"O R-r-obin! You come in, right
straight!
You'll catch a death-a-cold!"

Are they like lions or giraffes?
What is a death-a-cold?
When I ask Nursey she just laughs;
I think I might be told!

When I am very big and strong,
And real grown-up and old,
I'll stay out in the snow so long
I'll catch a death-a-cold!

Then I'll learn all about the beast,
I'll follow up his trail,
And if he growls the leastest least
I'll take and pull his tail!

And if he does scare folks about
To fits, as Nursey said,
I'll take my shooter-pistol out
And shoot him right down dead!

—Delineator.

* * *



Waiting for Santa Claus.—Windsor Magazine.

* * *

Christmas Eve

'Twas a glad Christmas eve, and all
over the world,
With reindeer and sleigh dear old
Santa had whirled.
No one was forgotten or slighted by
him;
Each stocking was bulging and crammed
to the brim.

"There!" cried the old saint as he
stopped at his door,
"I've made all the little ones happy
once more!
But the rest of the night will be lonely,
I fear;
Why—what is this wonderful racket
I hear?"

He bounded down nimbly, so great his
surprise,
But stopped just inside, scarce believing
his eyes;
For here were the children that he
had supposed
Were sleeping down yonder with eyes
tightly closed;

Here, singing and dancing and frisking
in glee
Around a most dazzling and beautiful
tree!

"Oh, Santa!" they cried, "we have
found you at last!
How tired you must be, you have
journeyed so fast

To take us good gifts; but now, Santa
Claus, see!
We have brought you some gifts, and
this splendid, big tree!
We want you to know, just for once
in a way,
How happy you make us, each new
Christmas day.

These gifts did not grow in your
Christmas tree grove;
We brought them for you, with our
very best love!"
Then I wish you had seen them lead
Santa about
To examine his gifts—heard his laugh
and his shout

When he found a fur coat with a collar
so wide,
When he read the gay note that was
fastened inside!
There were bells for the reindeer, a
pipe and red mittens,
And one little girl had brought Santa
her kittens.

He'd a brush for his clothes and a
brush for his hair,
He had pictures and books and a great
easy chair
Where a good saint might nap it and
sit at his ease
While presents grew ripe on his ever-
green trees.

He'd a pair of new spectacles, shining
and bright,
To help him to fill little stockings
aright.
There were cushions so soft for the
magical sleigh,
A cap trimmed with fur and a dress-
ing-gown gay,

And stockings so long and so warm
and so thick,
Jack Frost can no more play his
favourite trick
Of blowing a blast upon Santa Claus'
toes
As over the steeples, at Christmas, he
goes.

"Please wear this red scarf!" whispered
one little elf;
"I made it, dear Santa; I worked it
myself!"
He caught up the girlie and gave her
a kiss.
He hugged them and thanked them—
not one did he miss;

Then, "laying his finger aside of his
nose,"
He twinkled his eyes—and what do
you suppose?
Such visions of stockings, filled up
to the top,
Bedazzled those children, they scarcely
could stop

To cry "Merry Christmas! Good-
night, Santa dear!"
And to wish him a glorious "Happy
New Year!"
Then home o'er the cloud hills they
scampered and ran;
Now guess all the gifts that they
found—if you can!

—St. Nicholas.

A Bad Stomach

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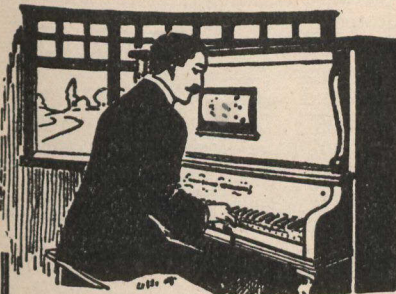
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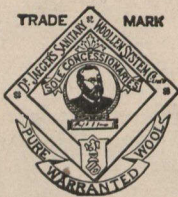
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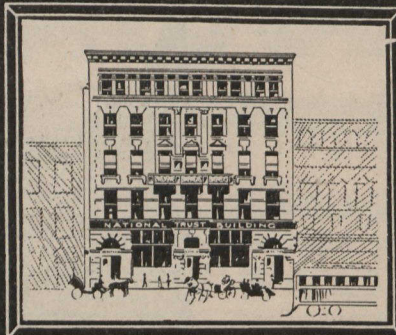
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Wills appointing this Company are kept
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The Crystal Goblet

(Continued from page 16)

of nights, if necessary, and shoot any intruder at sight. Then a most unexpected thing happened. The crystal goblet, case and all, was missing from the bracket one morning, though nothing else had been touched.

Mr. Markham, curiously enough, made light of the incident, declaring that he would not be bothered about the affair at present. Clare said nothing, so Antonio, after a little volubility, was forced to keep silence, though plainly uneasy of mind.

For the next night or so he lay upon the bed in his dressing-gown, with the door ajar, listening for any unusual noise without or within the house, and then his patience had its reward.

The doors of "The Belvedere" were too well hung to creak, and the carpeted corridors gave no sound of a footfall, but a thin pencil of light gradually widened on the landing, so Antonio leaped from the bed and peered through the chink of his doorway.

In another moment he could see the tall, square figure of Mr. Markham walking from his bedroom along the lobby, carrying a crystal goblet in one hand, whilst shielding it with the other.

Looking neither to the right nor left he made his way to the sitting-room, opened the door cautiously, switched on the electric light, and passed within.

In another moment there was a sharp ringing noise as of snapped glass, a crash on the parquet, and then a stifled exclamation, followed by a deep-drawn sigh.

Antonio had seen and heard enough to satisfy himself. He closed his door quietly, slipped out of dressing-gown and slippers, and slid quickly into bed.

But not to sleep. He lay there thinking and planning till the ordinary noises of the house began at early morning, and then he began to tremble slightly, and his heart beat tumultuously for a while.

He began to dress at the usual time, listening intently, but nothing out of the usual course happened. He was forced to steady his nerves with a nip of neat spirit from his pocket-flask just before the man brought hot shaving water, and when the domestic had retired without any special communication, he had recourse to the flask again, for his hand shook visibly.

But the alcohol had its effect before he was fully dressed; his spirits lifted, and he carefully rinsed away the odour of the cognac from his breath with an aromatic wash, and walked to the breakfast-room.

He entered expecting to find Clare there alone; but Mr. Markham was seated at her right, and behind him, on the bracket, was the crystal goblet, intact from its case, glinting in the sunlight.

He started palpably, and, for all his fictitious courage, could not repress a slight "Ah!"

Mr. Markham smiled. "I see you are surprised, Carl," he said, kindly. "Yes, the goblet is safe. It's a long story, and Clare will tell it better than I—after breakfast. Fall to, lad."

When the meal was over, Clare said: "Now for the tale; but you won't want to hear it again, uncle. Moreover, I've something else to say to Carl: he and I will go into the library, with your permission."

"Certainly, my dear; though the relation would not really distress me, I assure you."

"Yes, it would, dear. Come along, Carl."

The young fellow opened the door for her, and followed to the other room, with new courage and a new hope, for he thought he saw his way to a declaration of love, or at least the intimation of it, when the confidential talk was over.

"We must understand each other, Mr. Antonio," she said as she seated herself. "You'd better sit down for a few minutes, too."

"Un-der-stand each other," he stammered, sinking into a chair.

"Yes, with reference to the crystal goblet, and—other things."

He fixed dilated eyes on her, and his face went ghastly. For the next minutes he listened to her unflinching statement like one in a mesmerized trance.

"You bought that goblet with a sinister motive," said she, plainly; "because the liquid in the stem suggested possibilities. You drilled the foot, let the original liquid out, put some other in its place, doubtless, and sealed the tiny hole again, cunningly; but not so cunningly that I—who have long suspected that you had evil intentions—was deceived. You know, as well as I do, that uncle is anaemic, and has slight atrophy of the thyroid gland, which causes him to walk in his sleep occasionally. Of this you took advantage, craftily. First of all you acted on his mind by suggestions of robbery, knowing well that his sleep would be troubled, and that he would most likely get up and hide the glass. You intimated an attempt at housebreaking to aid the design, and hid the case of the goblet one night. Uncle *did* walk in his sleep and secrete the glass, and then your horrid plan was one step nearer success, for you were conscious that the cause of its disappearance would occur to him, and that he would replace it when false sleep again revealed the hiding place to his distressed mind.

"And now your unnatural—yes, fiendish plot, has almost come to a head. You put a sharp-edged bronze on the bracket, so that when he reached to replace the goblet, the glass would shatter against it, and cast the contents into his face. But I watched you throughout—two can lie awake and creep about a house in turn, you know—and saved you from crime.

"Learn that I stole the original goblet myself, putting a harmless one of similar shape in its place. Early in the morning only, after the worthless, harmless glass was broken did I put the crystal back on the bracket—for the play was played out. You have only to tell me where the case is, and find an excuse to leave the house forever. There's the tale. It has been a long one, and uncle is unaware of your part; but can you deny its truth?"

"I cannot," replied Antonio, rising quickly. "There was hydrocyanic acid in the stem and a spot, or the fumes of it, would have killed Mr. Markham. You say you have long suspected me. But you never guessed my real motive. You think me a vulgar, sordid criminal desirous to get a portion of the estate before due time. Well, that would have been a means, not an end. I was prepared to sell my very eternal soul to gain an earthly heaven—life with you. I love you as no one in your day ever will. That is my one and sole excuse before we part for ever."

The young woman looked at him with an indescribable expression. Surprise was blended with dismay, and behind both was a growing terror at the man's passion. It was a full moment before she could

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collect herself to reply. But finally, lifting herself by the arms of the chair, she said quietly: "You have your excuse for going without suspicion. Say you proposed to me, and I rejected you unconditionally, which makes life together in the house insupportable. Travel, rule yourself, find a good woman to make you a good man, and look back on this terrible temptation as an ugly dream."

A swift, utter revulsion of feeling swept over the wretched man. Tears sprang to his eyes, and a deep sob came from his chest.

"I can't ask you to take my hand, Clare," he said, brokenly, "but say 'Good-bye, Carl' for the last time."

"Good-bye, Carl, and God guide you," replied the girl fervently.

"Good-bye, and God bless you ever, Clare," he retorted, and walked out without looking at her again. He went straightway to Mr. Markham, and said that Clare had bidden him, as one repeating a lesson. Mr. Markham took the communication gravely but kindly, finally concurring in the idea of travel for a while.

"There is one thing I should like to ask you, sir, before I go my journey," said Antonio. "It concerns my parentage. Do not spare me an unpleasant truth. You have said that the same blood flows in our veins. What is my relationship to you?"

A pained look came over Mr. Markham's face. "You are no real relation," he said. "Do you actually wish me to tell you the truth? Better let the past rest in the grave."

"Tell me, sir, I implore you," was the reply; and the elder man wondered at the look of relief which had come to the younger one's face.

"Here it is, then, lad. When I was studying art in Italy, I rescued a woman and child from drowning—your mother and yourself, in short. Some time afterwards I was knocked on the head by brigands in the mountains, after showing fight foolishly. The chief's wife proved to be your mother, and in gratitude she fetched a leech, and forced him to transfer her own healthy blood into my depleted veins; and I recovered, partially, as you see. The band was broken up later, and your father suffered the last penalty of the law. This—and her sacrifice, I always think—sent your poor mother into a decline, and she died begging me to do my best for you, her baby. I have respected her request as far as man could. Now, don't worry about this, lad. Nobody knows the facts but you and I. Have a trip on the Continent, and come back again to us, cured of your unfortunate attachment. Have you money enough, and is there anything you would like to take with you as a memento?"

"More than I shall ever spend, thank you, sir," replied the young man, with face averted, and looking towards the crystal goblet. "May I take my last purchase, sir?"

"Yes, and welcome," said Mr. Markham, heartily, "if your mind is set on the troublesome object; though it may prove an awkward travelling companion, I fear. Is there nothing you would like better?"

"Nothing, sir, thank you," said Antonio, as he reached it down. "All blessings be yours for what you have done for me and mine. I can only repay you and requite myself—so."

With a quick movement he snapped the cup off, put the stem to his lips and drank. Then he fell headlong in instant death amongst the ruined fragments of the crystal goblet.

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What Canadian Editors Think

FUTURE OF ST. JOHN.

(St. John Globe.)

IN a recent issue of the Victoria, (B.C.) *Daily Colonist*, there is an article on "The Future of St. John." "No city in the East," the writer says, "is looking to the future with greater hope than St. John," and it knows of none that has a better right to be hopeful. For "it is already the winter port of the Canadian Pacific trans-Atlantic fleet," and "the Grand Trunk Pacific people are making investigation which may lead to its utilisation in the same way by that company." Of course we could not expect our contemporary to be intimate with all the pre-election literature which was in circulation here recently, but if it were it would not have written with any shade of doubt as to the intention of the "Grand Trunk Pacific people." It would know that there have been positive statements of what the Grand Trunk Pacific intended to do, and that they are all right. The only doubtful thing is as to when the work will be commenced. A supposition in some enthusiastic quarters that it would be before the winter snows began to fall has not been realised, but the date is only, we are assured, postponed for a few weeks.

* * *

FUTURE OF FARMING.

(London Advertiser.)

DEPUTY MINISTER C. C. James looks for an accession of moral strength in the community as a result of the stimulation of agricultural activity. The people of the United States confront no greater evils than those which are inherent in the congestion of the larger centres of population. The tendency of the morality and common sense of the farm is to set the balance straight; and although we in this country have not yet witnessed a general demoralisation in our urban communities, it is not difficult for us to recognise the possibility of grave social problems should there be a general neglect of our opportunities. That there is little likelihood of the people of Ontario ever failing to appreciate the value of their agricultural opportunities is shown by the improvement of method in some places by the adoption of intensive farming; in others by the employment of more scientific methods in the larger branches of this calling, which cannot but increase the value of the output of the area already under cultivation. With the opening up of the arable land in those portions of the province which are as yet unsettled there will be added to the agricultural domain a large and profitable area.

* * *

WESTERN SUNDAY CARS

(Edmonton Journal.)

IN Edmonton, Calgary, Strathcona, and elsewhere there are growing up in Alberta great cities where Sunday street cars will soon be a burning question. These communities will not submit to be dictated to on a matter that exclusively concerns themselves. Whether in favor of Sunday cars or not, all citizens will be united in resenting the presumption of a group of legislators, many having their homes in villages where street cars will for ever be unknown, in assuming to decide a concern which is beyond the sphere of their authority. When the act was passed that made the running of street cars

on Sunday illegal municipal rights were wantonly violated. As to whether street cars are a necessity on Sundays or not, the future will decide. The question has been fought out in London, Toronto, Winnipeg, and most of the other large cities of the Dominion, and the result has been invariably that Sunday cars have been inaugurated. Probably the same decision will eventually be arrived at in Edmonton, and the peculiar conditions that prevail here will make the question one of urgency before it otherwise might have become so.

* * *

CIVIL SERVICE AND OFFICE.

(British Whig, Kingston.)

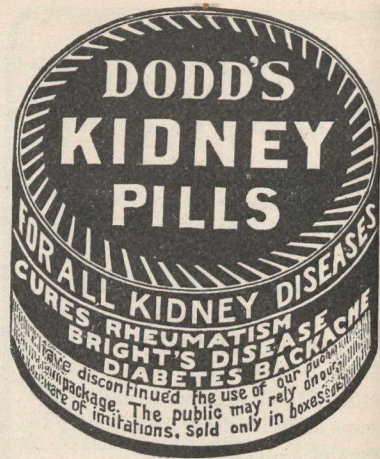
THERE is some meaning in the civil service examinations under the new conditions. All who desire may write in the examinations, which are held at certain convenient places over the Dominion, but only those who take high rank in them can have any show for appointment. In other words, those who head the lists will have a second try in the competitions which will, after this, precede all assignments to office. The percentage which passes may not mean anything. It may give the writer the chance or privilege of saying that he has passed the qualifying examination, but when avacancy has to be filled those who have taken the highest percentage will get the first chance. This is civil service reform in earnest. There will be no more appointments on the recommendation of any board, committee or party, with time in which to qualify. The qualification will precede the appointment and it will be the highest qualification which is at the disposal of the government.

* * *

ELEVATORS AT VANCOUVER.

(Vancouver World.)

THAT the Hudson's Bay route may be useful to a certain extent we do not deny, but we affirm with confidence that its usefulness will cease at the very time of the year when an outlet is wanted. There may be some advantage in holding over one year's wheat until the following June and shipping it out through Hudson's Bay, but we must insist that the evidence at present points to a greater advantage in shipping it to this city and on around the Horn. It would certainly reach Liverpool sooner and the gain in this respect will be increased when the Panama Canal is opened. Vancouver, however, will not always be the only ice-free salt water port on the mainland coast of British Columbia, and since there is a present demand for elevators here it is incumbent on the citizens of Vancouver to bestir themselves in the matter of providing them. For it must be remembered that important to Vancouver as a grain-shipping business would be, the indirect benefits of the traffic may easily outweigh the direct ones. To begin with the demands of the lumber trade on the car service would no longer be in opposition to the demands of the wheat-shippers, the cars which brought the wheat here carrying the lumber back to the prairies. Again, to facilitate the shipment of lumber is to facilitate every subsidiary line of business, to make Vancouver not only a Liverpool, depending chiefly on traffic, but a New York with industries supplying products to the country on this side, and even beyond, the mountains.



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The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the **Electrophone** is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing.

Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or in private.

This scientific electrical sound-conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the **Electrophone** attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial ear drums, trumpets etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. **Come and test the Electrophone free.** We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an **Electrophone** exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot come should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the **Electrophone**.

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Remember, the **Electrophone** will open up a new world to you. Perhaps you are only looking for temporary relief, but you will find that it will do much more. The **Electrophone** gradually restores the natural hearing.

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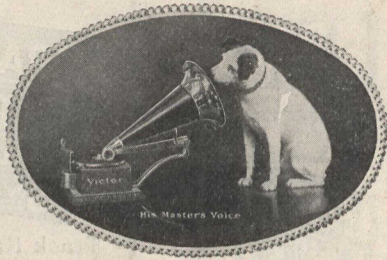
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I am indeed satisfied with my new records. They are magnificent and I congratulate you on the great improvement you have made in the past year.
Enrico Caruso

The reproduction of the selections I sang for you are wonderfully life like - they reproduce the natural quality of the human voice.
Marcella Sembrich

I am delighted with all my records. They fully repay me for the care and trouble I took to make them.
Emma Eames

I cannot begin to say how delighted I was when the Victor reproduced my voice and I cannot too greatly compliment you on your success.
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Never had I imagined that a talking machine could give such perfect results.
Antonio Scotti

I consider the Victor a truly marvelous instrument which reproduces the human voice to perfection.
Jean de Reszke

I have tried the records and found them really wonderful reproductions of my singing.
Nellie Melba

It reproduces the human voice with such a degree of perfection that it seemed to me these artists were actually singing in my salon.
Adelina Patti

The fidelity with which the quality of tone of each artist is reproduced is almost startling.
Louise Homer

I am very glad to say that I have never heard my cello records so beautifully reproduced. I was really surprised and the Victor has quite realized the noble tone of the cello.
Josef Hollman

Read what
the greatest artists
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say about

VICTOR

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Think of it! The greatest musical instrument in the world right in your own home on such easy terms that you'll never miss the money.

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A million dollars could not bring together our splendid array of talent for even a single performance

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